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MY SILVER BIRCHES.

They are lovely in the summer, they
are lovely in the spring,
And in winter-time may beauty still
to leafless branches cling;
But in autumn, golden autumn, then
the artist vainly searches
For a truer line of beauty than my
row of silver birches.

'Tis the finger of the autumn which,
as in some tale of old,
Clothes the lady of the woods in magic
drapery of gold,
Revealing when it seems to hide the
branches' tender grace,
As a veil may only half conceal the
beauty of a face.

Like the golden dreams of childhood,
with the future in their glance,
Which wrap what lies beyond in
golden glory of romance;
Like silver mists arising when the
shadows longer grow,
And blotting out the past which we
no longer care to know.

You may sit behind my birches and
may never know they hide
The pit-shaft and the slag-heap and
all ugliness beside.
Though the clumsy hand of man the
handiwork of God besmirches,
In my garden you need never look be-
yond the silver birches.

C. J. Boden.

Chambers's Journal.

THE COMFORTER.

Who art Thou in this darkness whither
we crept to weep?—
*I am That One Who cometh to wake
you out of sleep.*

Who art Thou in the stillness uplifting
Bread and Wine?—
*I am That Love ye dreamt on;
such tenderness is Mine.*

If Thou art Christ Anointed what
means this lowly guise?—
*I come—a King rejected; but ye will
not despise.*

Where be Thy Kingly symbols—the
orders and the stars?—

*Lo, on My Brow the Circlet, and in
My Hands the Scars.*

To us, Thy humblest children, why
comest Thou alone?—

*I come, Who knew all sorrow, because
ye too have known.*

V. D. Goodwin.

The Bookman.

THE WOMAN'S TOLL.

O Mother, mourning for the son who
keeps

His last dread watch by unfamiliar
streams,

Or for that other, gay of heart, who
sleeps

Where the great waters guard his
secret dreams,

Amid your tears take comfort for
a space,

They showed them worthy of their
island race.

O Wife, who heard across the wintry
sea

Death's trumpet shrill for him who
goes no more

Riding at dawn with that brave
company

Whose fellowship no morning shall
restore,

In its dark heart your bitterest
hour shall bring

Scents from the scattered petals of
the spring.

O Maid with wondering eyes un-
touched of grief,

War's dreadful shadow spares your
innocent years,

Yet shall you deem the ways of sun-
shine brief,

Paying long hence your toll of hid-
den tears

For love that perished ere the web
was spun,

And children that shall never see
the sun.

Ruth Duffin.

The Nation.

WHY ITALY WENT TO WAR.

Signor Salandra's speech to the Italian Chamber on the 20th of May, and the publication of the Green Book relating to the diplomatic negotiations between the Central Empires and Italy, permit one to trace, with some degree of assurance, the rôle she has played in the now annulled Triple Alliance, and her position in Europe.

One fact stands out uncontrovertibly from the data mentioned, and is indirectly corroborated by Germany and Austria, namely Italy's full right to denounce the treaty and affirm her complete liberty of action. It is scarcely necessary to repeat that the Triple Alliance had for its *raison d'être* the equilibrium and peace of Europe. In the words of Bismarck, it was a "strategic position" in European politics taken up with a view to guaranteeing to each of the parties a certain minimum of safety, without the one having actually to depend upon the others for the defence of its interests. That Italy until now has fulfilled the letter and the spirit of this conception has been proved by past events. Indeed, if any accusation can be brought against her, it is that of not having been sufficiently firm and energetic when Austria attempted to bully her. As Signor Salandra said a few days ago, the policy of moderation and peace which Italy set herself necessitated many sacrifices. In view of recent events, thinking Italians, far from regretting it, may well be proud of the honorable accomplishment of this end.

Austrian policy with regard to Italy has been one of treachery and deceit. The outbursts in the official and semi-official Press and the openly aggressive military preparations during the Tripoli war; the constant persecution and provocation of the Italians, under the pretext of a non-existent irre-

dentism; the unceasing and secret work of expansion in the Balkans are instances of Austria's disregard for her ally's interests. Not only did Germany show no disapproval of this, but the Tangier and Agadir incidents proved that the Central Empires had embarked upon an aggressive policy essentially contrary to the defensive nature of the Triple Alliance, endangering the diplomatic position of Italy. It is useless to discuss now the reasons which led to the last renewal of the Alliance in 1912. Suffice it to say that it remained unchanged in character, and that no provision was made for Italy in the new developments in European policy. The statements made above are in themselves sufficient to disprove any accusation of treachery which Austria or Germany may bring against Italy. These facts, coupled with the former country's anti-Slav policy in the Balkans which led up to the war against Serbia in 1914, all moral considerations apart, justified Italy's declaration of neutrality. It is also well to remember in this connection that Bismarck himself said that a Government could not guarantee "to use the forces of a country to help a friend if the popular conviction did not approve . . . the *ultra posse nemo obligatur* cannot lose its force owing to any clause in a treaty, as soon as the text as first interpreted no longer answers to the interests of the signatory."

Austria's declaration of war against Serbia, without due notice having been previously given to Italy as prescribed (a prescription rigorously adhered to by Italy in the Tripoli war), followed by the invasion of Serbia, not only did not constitute a *casus foederis*, but was an open violation of the 7th Article of the treaty, making it imperative that an exchange of views should take

place with the object of settling the question of immediate compensation. According to the article in question, any action in the Balkans, whether temporary or otherwise, and independently of territorial advantages, was to be notified in advance, and entitled Italy to compensation. In the case of the Tripoli war, Austria had given her veto to certain military operations, a veto which Italy had respected. Thus a precedent had been set which Italy had the right to follow. On the other hand, any verbal assurance given by Austria as to the integrity of Serbia, or as to *future* compensations to be guaranteed by Germany, were rendered valueless by the fact that Austria had actually invaded Serbia and appointed a governor at Belgrade, thereby running counter to the veto imposed by Italy.

All through the course of negotiations Austria and Germany have deliberately ignored the new situation created by the War. They have insinuated that the offers made were generous, so as to cause Italy to appear as being bribed. The proposals and counter-proposals advanced have never once revealed a sincere and straightforward desire to reach a just agreement. Italy has been represented as grasping and extortionate. If, however, one compares the obligations towards Italy assumed by her ex-allies, with the facts of the case and the position in which they have placed her, the ridiculous inadequacy of the offers of compensation and the strict honesty and legitimacy of her demands become apparent.

Leaving aside the equilibrium in the Mediterranean, and turning to that of the Adriatic, two things will be clear; the first, that the *status quo* in that sea largely depends on the *status quo* in the Balkans, and the second that upon it the safety of Italy and her future as a Great Power depend. As it

has been already remarked above, Austria's policy in the Balkans has not been conducive to the furtherance or the maintenance of that *status quo*. While insisting that Italy should cease to interest herself in all matters, however vital, relating to the Italians in the Trentino, Trieste, Istria and Dalmatia, Austria did all in her power not only to reawaken and intensify any latent antagonism, but actually accused Italy of creating and supporting anti-Austrian movements. This has been repeatedly disproved by facts known to everyone. Again, a Slav danger as such, given the cordial relations between Russia and Italy and Serbia and Italy, does not exist except in so far as artificially provoked by Austria to aid her *Drang nach Osten* policy. The fact that Serbia is entitled to an outlet in the Adriatic, a fact which Italy has always recognized and supported, instead of being a menace would help Italian commercial interests. As an Italian deputy pointed out, "There is only one Slav danger that we have to fear in the Adriatic, and that is the kingdom of a Greater Croatia, created by Austria to protect herself; the kingdom of those Slavs who, removed from their natural centre of attraction, are thrown out to destroy the Italians. We only fear those Slavs who are instruments of Vienna's policy."

This has been the policy of Austria-Hungary for the past fifty years, a policy which has largely contributed to the destruction of the Balkan equilibrium. The creation of an autonomous Albania was another step in the same direction, i.e. to the detriment of the Balkan States. Italy's interests in Vallona, which are admittedly and exclusively of a strategic nature, were represented as political in order to drag her into the orbit of Balkan politics and to create a friction with Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria which

Austria herself would eventually use to her own advantage. It was inevitable that Austria's disintegrating policy in the Balkans should react upon the Adriatic. The balance of power in that sea has been, since the battle of Lissa in 1866, inclined in favor of Austria. Italy was practically ousted from it. Trieste, Pola, the Dalmatian Islands and littoral have been used as naval and submarine bases, and were a constant menace and danger to the undefended western coast. So long as an ally was in possession of them the compromise could be allowed to subsist; but no sooner had the *status quo* been disturbed by action such as that against Serbia in 1914, than a new situation was created, and Austria not only compromised herself but made it necessary for Italy to seek for some other means of re-establishing the equilibrium, or for compensation.

A casual glance at a map of the Adriatic and the most superficial knowledge of history will prove the truth of this assertion. The possession of at least a portion of the eastern shores of the Adriatic or its strategic equivalent—that is, its possession by a strong ally—is a *sine qua non* of the safety of Italy implied by the strategic domination of the Adriatic. The maintenance of the Italo-Austrian agreement in Albania suggested by Baron Burian was therefore valueless. Not only did it not include the recognition of Italy's complete sovereignty over Valona and Austria's disinterestedness in Albania, but in no way did it compensate for Italy's dangerous position in the Adriatic. Valona has a strategic value of a negative kind—that is, Italy could not allow any other Power to occupy it without running the risk of having in the Lower Adriatic a situation similar to that in the upper part of that sea. Consequently, at the present juncture, it could not be regarded in any way

as ensuring even a minimum programme essential to her safety. Moreover, none of the proposals guaranteed the interests of Italians under Austria. Even the territorial cessions proposed were inadequate from a strategic, ethnic or national point of view, and were to come into operation only at the end of the War. To accept such proposals would have been to betray the country, not merely from a sentimental but from an actual and practical point of view.¹

The Italian counter-proposals are perhaps the clearest proof of Italy's desire to come to a settlement. It must also be remembered that they were formulated by a triplicist, Baron Sonnino. The proposed cession of territory affects only a portion of those territories historically, racially and geographically Italian: the Trentino according to the boundaries of the kingdom of Italy in 1811; a rectification of frontier on the eastern border, including Gradisca and Goritz, and ending on the sea between Monfalconi and Trieste, near Nabresina; the Curzolari islands, Curzola, Lissa, Lesina, Lagap, Lagosta, Cazza, and Meleda. As to Trieste and Istria, these were to form an independent State. The alleged Austrian offer of Trieste as a free city under Austria would have been practically equivalent to its continuing in its present condition.

The accusation brought against Italy that since the death of the Marchese di San Giuliano forces have been at work in Italy to provoke a rupture, and that Italy's demands "far exceeded what Italy herself could claim for the satisfaction of her national aspirations," is manifestly without foundation. Indeed, those who

¹ The further territorial offers referred to by Bethmann-Hollweg in the Reichstag were made by Austria after the time limit imposed by Italy had expired. Their acceptance would have been therefore incompatible with Italy's status as a Great Power.

have followed with attention the development of the Italian crisis will be able to form an opinion as to the moderation and the patience of the people and the Government. It must also be remembered that the situation was not sought for, caused or wished by Italy. To the necessity for defending her vital interests, and not to a foreseen and planned revindication of national aspirations at the expense of her ally, the period of military activity and preparation preceding her declaration of war was due.

The Italian Government has clearly shown that it would not be party to anything but the strictest adherence to the spirit and the letter of the Triple Alliance so long as this lasted. It did not force impossible terms upon its allies. Throughout the period of conversations it strove in every way to find a means of compromise which, while safeguarding its most elementary national and strategical interests, should be acceptable to Germany and Austria. Notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers, both present and future, involved, and the obstacles placed in her way, Italy waited until the very last moment consistent with her national dignity to denounce the Triple Alliance as null and void. Only

The Nineteenth Century and After.

then did she approach the Entente Powers with a view to discussing her future position.

Should anyone still question why she has delayed until now, we can answer with Signor Bissolati: "The determination of a State such as Italy assuredly cannot manifest itself in a sudden *élan*. Preparation includes all the activities displayed by the nation in developing and co-ordinating her economic powers so as to make them capable of bearing the utmost tension necessary to an external effort in order to spread and strengthen the consciousness of the State, so that it may be able to resist any thrust from outside." This has been the self-imposed task and the meaning of Italy's nine months of neutrality. Italy, having fulfilled to the utmost all her obligations, with clean hands and a pure heart enters into the War by the side of her new Allies, to whom she has always been bound by common interests and common ideals. This is not a Cabinet war. It is the war of a single-purposed and united nation determined at all costs to defend its sacred rights, and those of Belgium, Serbia, and Poland, in the name of honor, justice, and freedom.

Arundel del Re.

THE OPERATIONS AT THE DARDANELLES.

As a traveller and writer who has devoted a considerable amount of time to a careful study of the conditions which exist in the Near East, my friends are often good enough to ask my personal opinion upon the various aspects of the operations which have taken and are taking place at the Dardanelles. Some of these people are anxious solely to obtain any information with which my local knowledge enables me to furnish them. Others,

in asking questions, betray their feelings about a question which is now rightly engrossing a considerable part of our attention in regard to the war.

During the last few weeks I have noticed, not only in private conversation, but also in the public Press, a remarkable change in the general attitude of people towards the Allied operations in the Eastern Mediterranean. Men and women who but a few weeks ago were boasting, and who were

proud of the Anglo-French attacks upon the Dardanelles, are now, so to speak, filled with feelings of uneasiness as to whether these attacks will be successful, and whether they are or will be worth the losses which must unfortunately be suffered. Some organs of public opinion and members of society in general, go as far as to urge that the attack upon the Dardanelles should not have been undertaken at all under existing circumstances, and that it only constitutes an undertaking in a secondary theatre of war. Personally I consider that these sentiments are unjustified. Here, as elsewhere in Europe, the real question is, Are we to pursue the war in a manner as rapidly as possible to defeat the Austro-German enemy, or are we only to undertake the smallest amount of responsibility in order to make the war temporarily as cheap as possible to ourselves? As there can be no doubt as to the answer to this question, it is clear, provided proper and adequate arrangements have been made, that we are fully justified in undertaking a campaign which, when successfully carried through, will be not only a deathblow to Turkey, but which will also constitute one of the greatest defeats so far sustained by Germany.

True it may well be, and true it is, that it would seem to have been better to wait before beginning the attack upon the Dardanelles until that attack could have been undertaken by combined forces on sea and land. But the anxiety and discontent at present arising upon the subject does not result entirely from a knowledge of this mistake. It owes its foundation largely to the foolish optimism partly due to the series of official *communiqués* issued during the earlier stages of the operations, but more especially to the unjustifiably favorable manner in which all these *communiqués* were explained to the British public in the

daily and weekly Press. Apparent as unjustifiable optimism has been in reference to events in other theatres of war, it has been particularly noticeable in the case of the Dardanelles, because there are but few people in this country who understand the greatness of the task which was first undertaken by the Allies in February last—a task infinitely more difficult of accomplishment than the subjugation of Gibraltar, the natural strength of which is as almost nothing when compared to that of the Straits which form the western approach to Constantinople.

In an article published in the April number of the Fortnightly Review¹ I endeavored to give a brief outline of the strength and importance of the defences of Constantinople. That article left my hands on March 19th—the day before the receipt of the news of the sinking of the *Bouvet*, *Irresistible*, and *Ocean*, which actually took place on March 18th. We do not yet know, and it is only right that we should not know, whether the events which occurred on that day came as a surprise to the naval authorities at home, or to those who were charged with the conduct of the operations on the spot. We are also still in ignorance as to whether it was always intended, after making a series of reconnaissances in force, to postpone the final and all-important operations until the arrival of a large army, or whether it was hoped that the Dardanelles would be forced by the Allied fleets without the support of any large expeditionary force. But however this may be, those who were, and are, *au courant* with the geographical position and with the political and military conditions prevailing in this area, have always known that a successful attack upon the Dardanelles could be best made by one of two general methods. They were, and they are:—

¹ The Living Age, May 15, 1915.

(1) By a surprise and by a fleet making what would have amounted to a dash up the Straits before the permanent defences were properly organized and garrisoned, and before the whole of the European and Asiatic coasts of the Dardanelles had been turned into vast entrenched areas—areas which now really constitute two great defended camps or two series of well-nigh impregnable forts.

(2) By a combined land and sea attack made in such a way that a force or forces landed on one or both sides of the Straits would threaten the forts from the rear, and therefore minimize the effect of their fire directed against ships endeavoring to pass up the Dardanelles.

In the circumstances the adoption of the first of these alternatives, which might have been feasible some years ago, was impossible, because it was obvious and clear from the first that the Turks and the Germans must have made the fullest preparations to defend the Dardanelles, not only before the entry of Turkey into the war, but also between that time and the moment when the Allied naval operations began, during the later half of the month of February. Moreover, throughout the Turco-Italian and the Balkan campaigns the strength of the forts upon the Dardanelles was greatly increased. In addition, even had it been possible for a given number of ships to dash through the Straits and to enter the Sea of Marmora, their position—once arrived there—would have been highly perilous. Practically cut off from all means of support, they would have been compelled to face and to overcome the numerous obstacles which must exist in and near that sea itself. Moreover, the reinforcement or the retreat of a fleet once temporarily successful would have created problems of the greatest difficulty, even had it been possible to solve them at all. In other words, it

is one thing to be able to push open a door which has not been adequately barred, and quite another to hold it open or to push it in the opposite direction when it has once again been closed and properly bolted behind you.

As I have already said, we do not know whether it was at first intended to adopt perhaps a modified form of the first of these alternatives, or whether landing operations on a large scale were always part of the scheme. In the latter case, unless the existence of possible diplomatic conditions, which do not come within the scope of this article, necessitated a demonstration, it seems unfortunate that the enemy had so much time in which to improve his defences and to create conditions which have necessitated the adoption of a third and a more or less different plan from either of those discussed above. That plan is that the operations at the Dardanelles have now become, and that they constitute, a land campaign which has already developed into one of enormous magnitude. Thus, instead of landing parties threatening the rear of the forts at the same time as the fleet was endeavoring to push its way up the Straits a force destined at least to conquer the Peninsula of Gallipoli, has had to be disembarked. In a word, the all-engrossing interest in the operations has been at least temporarily transferred from the events on the sea to those on the land. Here the Allied Armies have been, and are, fighting a great battle, or a series of battles, with the apparent object not only of minimizing the task of the fleet, but also of enabling that fleet to glide, rather than to fight, its way through into the Sea of Marmora.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavored to give my readers a very general idea of a few of the factors which may well have influenced the conduct of the operations at the Dardanelles, in so far as we have become

aware of the nature of these operations up to the present time. I now propose in a somewhat more detailed way to discuss the reasons which rendered necessary the landing of an army, and to allude to the manner in which the successful operations of that army will minimize and do away with many of the difficulties to be overcome by the fleet.

In a general way it may be said that moving fortresses—ships—enjoy a more advantageous position than do forts situated on land. But as this is largely due to the fact that a moving object is more difficult to hit than is a stationary one, and to the mobility of ships rather than to the actual range of their guns, it is clear that this superiority of position depends almost entirely upon the power of the ship to manœuvre. But in the case of the operations under review, the whole situation is such that it reacts almost entirely against the belligerents who depend upon the fire of the ships for the accomplishment of their object, and in favor of those in occupation of the shores. In greater detail this state of things is due to all or some of the following causes:—

(1) The Dardanelles are so narrow that throughout their greater part the power of real manœuvring is denied to all ships except those of a very small size. Whilst the length of the Straits is some thirty-three miles, their breadth varies from about four miles at the widest point, situated as it is only just inside the entrance, to about 1,300 yards measured between Kilid Bahr, on the Peninsula of Gallipoli, and Chanak on the Asiatic coast. The average width may be said to be about two or three miles, but throughout the reach, which extends from Kephez Point to Nagara Point, places separated by about five and a half miles, the breadth of the channel is nowhere more than about

three miles, and this only in one spot, situated just above the former place. Consequently, as all the forts of the most predominating importance defend this winding part of the Straits, in which the current is also rapid, it is clear that big ships can hardly do otherwise than remain practically stationary or else steam more or less straight ahead, along the only course which is open to them.

(2) For the same reasons, that is owing to the narrowness and to the winding nature of the channel, the great guns of ships, the range of which is many miles, cannot be utilized to the fullest advantage. In other words, they cannot come into action with direct fire until the ships themselves are within the range of shore guns, even though that range is far less than that of the ships' big guns.

(3) The Turks, owing to the narrowness of the channel, can make use of all kinds of weapons which would be valueless were the range greater. This means that they can develop the fire of guns which do not form part of the regular defences of the Straits. Mobile batteries of guns and howitzers can be placed in the countless and secluded valleys in which it is difficult to discover their positions, and to rain lead upon them from the sea. Again, these positions once revealed, the guns in question can or could be moved to some other locality from which their fire is equally effective. The existence of these conditions may not involve serious perils for large and armored ships, and for their crews who are protected by that armor, but they have extremely detrimental and dangerous consequences for small vessels and their crews—vessels which must be utilized for the purpose of reconnaissance work, and for the mine sweeping which repeatedly has to be carried out.

(4) The Dardanelles channel is a

locality in which mines can be used to the greatest advantage. The whole area can be rendered impassable by means of "contact" mines, by the use of "observation" mines, or by the launching of "floating" mines. Whilst the uneven and rapidly flowing current creates certain difficulties in the case of "contact" mines, the narrowness of the channel greatly minimizes those which always accompany the use of the complicated machinery necessary to explode "observation" mines from the shore. Moreover, as we already know, the ever-recurring danger of "floating" mines, drifted down by the current from the Sea of Marmora or elsewhere, is one against which it is, and must be continually, necessary to guard.

(5) The narrowness of the Dardanelles renders it a particularly favorable area for the employment of torpedoes fired or launched from the shore. These weapons of war can either be sent on their way from proper torpedo tubes or by other methods of a more impromptu nature.

Having thus described the extremely unfavorable position of a fleet desirous of entering the Sea of Marmora, I will now allude to some of the reasons why the task of such a fleet can be greatly furthered by a force or forces landed on one or both sides of the Dardanelles. To begin with, although the Turks have had plenty of time to prepare a perfect network of defences, and to turn the areas which earlier might have been stormed with comparatively small losses into veritable forts, the actual distances to be traversed by a force disembarked on the Asiatic side, and particularly on the Peninsula of Gallipoli, are comparatively small. This Peninsula, which may be described as a long, narrow tongue of land, nowhere measures more than about twelve miles in width, and this only in one particular and

small part, which is situated just above the Narrows. Its breadth, at the extreme north-eastern end and along the Lines of Bulair, is only three miles. Further to the south-west, and measured along a line extending from Maidos to Gaba Tepe, the breadth is only about five miles. This means that the whole land attack can be covered, and the ground more or less prepared for the infantry advance, by the guns of the fleet.

The special and unique positions of the forts on both shores of the Dardanelles also render their attack from the land side or sides a particularly desirable, or more correctly, an absolutely necessary undertaking. Thus, whilst numerous batteries have no doubt now been placed in favorable positions, and whilst the backs of the forts have probably been protected by earthworks, the greater number of the defences situated on the European as well as upon the Asiatic coast are actually commanded from the hills located in rear of Maidos and of Kilid Bahr. Indeed, from various points on these hills it is possible, so to speak, to look down upon, if not actually into, many of the eleven European redoubts of which we have heard so much during the last few weeks. Moreover, the great and heavy guns of these forts are so arranged, and must be so arranged, that they can only be directed towards the sea and not towards the hills which overshadow them.

True it is that there still remain the defences of the Asiatic coast, which are in themselves of the utmost importance, not only in relation to the sea, but also because their guns can probably throw huge missiles on to, and right across, the Peninsula of Gallipoli. To threaten these Asiatic forts from the rear would in some ways be a much more difficult undertaking than to occupy the Gallipoli hills. They cannot be dominated in the same way

as can those upon the European side, and, in addition, the distance to be traversed by a landing force, instead of being only at most five, would be about twenty miles. But as the Asiatic coast is much lower than the European, it is clear that an army once occupying the hills which I have described above will be able not only to silence and finally to occupy the Kilid Bahr forts, but also to make its influence most unpleasantly felt in the defences which respectively lie to the north and to the south of the town of Chanak.

Turning to a discussion of the actual operations which have taken place up to the time of the completion of this article—a discussion which must of necessity be brief—it will already be clear to my readers that the first and all-important military objective of the Allies must be the occupation of the hills from which the forts defending both coasts of the Narrows can be adequately commanded, and from which the forts on the European side can subsequently be occupied.

If we omit all detail and consider the question only from a general point of view, the hills situated immediately in rear of Kilid Bahr lie about twelve miles from the extreme south-western extremity of the Peninsula, and at most six miles from Gaba Tepe. The general plan, which therefore appears to be in course of development, is that two more or less distinct forces, landed on Sunday, April 25th, have since that date been endeavoring respectively to work up the Peninsula from its south-western end and across its narrow neck from west to east.

As might be expected in such circumstances, the landing itself was an operation of the utmost difficulty. The Turco-German troops, who form the garrison of the Peninsula, may not have been aware of the moment or of the exact areas in which a disem-

barkation would be attempted, yet they had had plenty of time, and they fully utilized that time to develop an already extremely strong position to the fullest advantage. The difficulties would have been great enough had it only been necessary to land small parties of infantry. But as a large expeditionary force, composed of all arms, and especially strong in heavy artillery, is obviously required to undertake what is practically a siege, the absence of any proper and sheltered base creates a most complicated naval and military problem. The weight of modern munitions is incredible, the consumption is terrific. The weather at the Dardanelles is always treacherous and uncertain. Thus whilst one expects it to be fine and warm from the beginning of May, even in summer there are sometimes awful winds lasting occasionally for three or even five days. These winds, and especially those all-important ones which blow from the south, get up very quickly, and affect not only the surface, but also the height of the usually tideless waters. This weather factor, when coupled with others which have to be taken into consideration, must make the construction and the maintenance of adequate piers upon an open and unsheltered coast extremely difficult. In a word, the future alone will prove the justification or want of justification of the formerly accepted principle that a well-protected harbor is a necessary possession to an army which has to draw its supplies and ammunition from across the sea.

At the south-western end of the Peninsula, where the cliffs are not really high, and where there are various stretches of beach, the enemy had prepared a veritable network of trenches, trenches which were covered and protected by wire entanglements. Here, and in the more or less immedi-

ate neighborhoods of Cape Helles and of Seddul Bahr, the 29th Division, assisted by units of the Naval Division, was disembarked at five distinct points. In some cases, owing to the way in which the landing places could be commanded and enfiladed from the neighboring hills and cliffs, the struggle to gain a footing on the shore was more desperate than in others, but in all cases except one the units first thrown on shore were able to hold positions which they occupied. Subsequently the British contingent, which early in the operations seemed to have been joined by a French force, occupied an entrenched line running across the Peninsula from a point situated about two miles to the north-east of Cape Tekeli, on the *Ægean*, to Eski Hissarlik on the Dardanelles. From this line an advance has been made towards Krithia, situated as it is more or less in the centre of the Peninsula, and at a distance of just over four miles from its south-western extremity. Near here, and particularly on the slopes of Atchi Baba (Tree Peak)—a height which attains an elevation of 750 feet above the sea level—a most desperate struggle has been in progress. Indeed, the importance of Atchi Baba will be well understood when I say that it not only dominates the area of country lying to the south-west of it, but that it also, so to speak, forms the south-western extremity of the line of hills which traverse practically the whole length of the Peninsula.

So much for the landings accomplished at and near the south-western extremity of the Peninsula. The second area chosen as a point of disembarkation is that lying in the immediate neighborhood of Gaba Tepe—that little knoll-like hill which sticks out from the lower part of the western side of the Peninsula of Gallipoli into the *Ægean* Sea. On both sides of this promontory, and particularly on the

north, the coast is comparatively low, and there are narrow stretches of beach, upon which it has always been anticipated that a landing could be made. Here our gallant Australasian troops, having literally sprung from the boats which had conveyed them to or near the shore, immediately seized positions on the cliffs, positions in or from which the Turks had been either bayoneted or driven in full flight.

From whatever direction or in whatever area they may be undertaken, it is impossible to exaggerate the local difficulties which must be overcome in accomplishing the task allotted to the Allied Armies upon the Peninsula of Gallipoli. As a traveller who has ridden and tramped across the rough districts of Albania, and of Asia Minor, I can say as a result of my personal experience, that it is by far the worst area of land upon which I have ever set foot. Almost the whole district, and especially that part which borders upon the Straits between the Lines of Bulair and Eski Hissarlik, is covered by hills which in places rise to a height of nearly 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. On the extreme south-west there is Atchi-Baba, and to the north-east of Kilid Bahr and Maldos there are Saribair and Khoja Chemen Daghi, the latter attaining an elevation of 950 feet. These positions must be occupied before an advance can be made to the shores of the Narrows. The hills or mountains run not in any regular or well-defined direction, but they consist of a group or of a series of groups of peaks. Through and between these hills there run an equally confusing number of valleys—valleys which for the most part stretch across rather than up and down the Peninsula.

The whole area is practically roadless, and much of it is covered by prickly scrub—bushes so thick and ter-

rible that they tear and damage one's person from head to toe. The slopes of these hills and the sides of these valleys, if indeed they can be called slopes at all, are so almost perpendicular that at times it is necessary to scale them on hands and knees. Every hill and knoll must be seized from, and defended against, a brave and determined enemy, whose cause is entirely favored by the nature of the area in which his troops and his snipers are located. But even if it be an ideal country for irregular warfare it is impossible not to be struck with admiration at the marvellous dash, heroism, and efficiency of the Australians and of the New Zealanders, who have played such a prominent rôle in this most important campaign against our Turco-Germanic enemies. If Canada has rung from end to end on account of the gallantry of her boys at Ypres, the people of Australia and of New Zealand must be wild with enthusiasm at the story of the gallantry of those whom they have sent to the front.

There are three factors in the situation concerning which we have no trustworthy information upon which to form an opinion, factors which may have an all-preponderating influence upon the duration of the present operations and the magnitude of the ultimate success of the Allies. They are the strength of the Allied forces, the number of men and the amount of supplies and ammunition possessed by the enemy, and means of communication between the Peninsula of Gallipoli and certain other parts of the dominions of the Sultan. Whilst upon the first of these questions it would not be fitting that I should express any opinion, it is safe to say that the Germans, who are in complete control of all the staff arrangements, must have foreseen the dangers of enormous casualties. To meet this danger and to prepare for

unforeseen eventualities, they will have collected a very large force, either in the Peninsula of Gallipoli itself, or in districts from which, in ordinary circumstances, that area could be easily reached. But what they may not have been able to do is to provide an unlimited supply of ammunition for the great guns and the field pieces which are now engaged at the Dardanelles. The workshops of Constantinople, some of which are equipped with up-to-date machinery, can turn out a very considerable amount of small-arm ammunition, and they can manufacture a limited amount of shell. But unless it has been installed recently there is no plant for making projectiles for anything larger than six-inch guns. When coupled with the fact that all the modern guns now employed in Turkey have been imported from abroad, this probably means that supplies and new parts will have to be forwarded from Germany—an operation which at present is far from easy, and a procedure to which a stop might be put at any given moment.

In ordinary times, communication with the Peninsula of Gallipoli is maintained by land and sea. By land there is a road which connects Uzun Kupru on the railway from Constantinople to Adrianople with Bulair and the town of Gallipoli. A few years ago very thorough repairs were carried out upon this road, which was, in fact, almost completely reconstructed with the object of rendering it passable for troops of all arms. But, as we have been told that the bridge at Kavak, over which this road passes near the head of the Gulf of Xeros, was destroyed by the fire of a battleship in March, and as we have heard of naval attacks upon the short Lines of Bulair, through which it passes, it is at present impossible to be sure whether this route is actually available to the Turks

at all, and, if so, whether its use is so dangerous and restricted that it does not possess any real importance. By sea, at least, parts of the inner, or eastern and south-eastern, shores of the Peninsula of Gallipoli can still probably be approached, both from Constantinople and from the ports on the Sea of Marmora and on the Asiatic coast of the Straits. But here, too, the exact nature of the real situation is not clear, for it is obvious that almost the whole area is under the indirect fire of Allied battleships lying either in the Gulf of Xeros or just within the Dardanelles themselves.

No article upon the subject under discussion would be complete without a brief reference to the situation prevailing on and near the Bosphorus—the north-eastern gateway to Constantinople and the Sea of Marmora. The outstanding feature is that the Russian fleet appears to be practically, if not absolutely, the master of the Black Sea. This means not only that the Turks can no longer maintain connection with the north-eastern part of Asia Minor by way of that route, but that they may at any moment be faced by serious dangers either on the Bosphorus itself or in the immediate neighborhood of its western or eastern shores. Again, that the Russian fleet has been operating near the exit from the Black Sea proves that the Allies are undertaking a combined movement for the capture of the Ottoman capital, and it compels the Turks to concentrate their attention not only upon the Dardanelles, but also upon the Bosphorus—an area the events in which sooner or later will be of equally vital importance to them.

On several occasions during the last few weeks we have heard that certain of the Bosphorus forts have been shelled, and that great explosions have been observed. But as we were also told of such events during the earliest

stages of the attack upon the Dardanelles, it is well to remember that there is a great deal of difference between a demonstration and an attack so determined and so far-reaching as to result in the overcoming of difficulties, the greatness of which it is not easy to exaggerate. The situation on the Dardanelles is not exactly on a parallel with that at the Bosphorus, partly because, in the latter case, all the most important forts are located in areas which lie within a distance of about seven miles of the Black Sea. This means that they may well have been shelled by the Russian fleet without its ever having entered the channel at all. But it does not mean, and, until a combined attack by land and by sea has been undertaken, it probably will not mean, that the Government of Constantinople is in any serious danger of the arrival of its enemies from the direction of the north.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavored to give my readers some idea of the difficulties of the operations now being conducted by the Allies in South-Eastern Europe. Whatever my personal opinion may be, for better or for worse, a great campaign has been undertaken. It can only be successfully carried through, and it must be carried through, by a display of circumspection, of bravery, and of diplomatic skill, the like of which have probably never before been required in the world's military or political history.

H. Charles Woods.

May 15th, 1915.

[P.S.—We have just heard that a great battle was fought in the neighborhood of Krithia and of Atchi Baba during May 6th, 7th, and 8th. Some ground was gained, but the main object of the attack—the capture of Atchi Baba—was not then achieved. This proves, if proof were indeed re-

quired, the enormous difficulties still to be overcome by the Allied troops, and that these difficulties have been

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rather under- than over-estimated in the foregoing pages.—H. C. W., May 19th.]

POMM'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

Christmas Day loomed clear, bright, frosty—the kind of Christmas Day which seems no longer to be known in our generation. Maryvonne, dressed in a simple Paris-made gown of dark green velvet trimmed with fur and brightened by a fine bunch of holly with its crimson berries at her waist, looked a dream of beauty and charm, her cheeks aglow with cold and her hair slightly ruffled by the wind, as Pomm and she rang the bell at Pierre's door. This time it was their own Mélanie who came to open to them. She had gone to Merton Road early in the day to prepare the mysteries of her dinner and was already installed in the underground kitchen with her big stove alight and roaring to cook the goose and fine *gâteau St. Honoré*, besides many other delicacies destined to replace the indigestible compound which Mélanie herself designated as *Le Boudding des Angliches*.

"These funny English people!" she said to Maryvonne as she helped the girl to remove the fur toque and velvet cloak which suited her so deliciously. "Figure to yourself Mademoiselle; they have a stove large enough to roast a whole sheep merely to cook a single cutlet, and an oven of a calibre to bake a whole sack of potatoes to cook a single *pomme-de terre*! Is it not absurd? Their kitchens are spacious enough for the preparation of a banquet at least, and in the 'office'—which they call a 'scullery'—one

could wash up the *vaisselle* for a whole regiment . . . quite comfortably! Yet they can't cook the simplest *fricot* or make an omelette! It's funny to be so well equipped for cooking and not to know even the elements of the art! *Quel drôle de peuple!*"

Mélanie could, of course, only judge the English from the kitchen point of view, but she insisted that they must have usurped the reputation they enjoy so widely abroad for practical commonsense, for other reasons than those of their usual culinary arrangements.

And it cannot be said that in this her judgment was entirely erroneous.

Upstairs in the studio Mélanie, with the help of Pierre himself, had laid the cloth for the festive occasion before the arrival of Pomm and his adopted child. They had decorated the table lavishly with holly and mistletoe and pale Christmas roses. The napery was most delicate, and also the silver, though so heterogeneously collected by Pierre from old second-hand silver shops that Georgian salt-cellars rivalled with forks and spoons of the Queen Anne period in happy harmony. Anxious that the other appointments should be worthy of the silver, the extravagant Pierre had ransacked the City for a Sèvres china dinner service and some fine Salviati glass worthy of the occasion; for nothing to his mind was too beautiful or too gorgeous to honor the girl he loved. As they laid the cloth together Mélanie could not

forbear making a few pointed remarks concerning the appointments of the table.

"Time for you to be getting married, Monsieur Pierre, with all this beautiful silver, glass and china! They are far too good for a bachelor's home!"

"Do you think so?" asked Pierre, rather lamely. But he could not refrain from blushing a little, though he knew quite well why she spoke.

"I'm sure any young lady would appreciate the taste of your purchases, Monsieur Pierre. At least *my* young lady would, I'm sure of that at least!"

Pierre looked up at Mélanie quizzically but made no direct remark. He knew that she understood his feelings, but he was not going to allow her to draw him out as she pleased!

"Here's a specially beautiful Christmas rose," she said after a few moments' silence, determined to tease him to her heart's content, as she held out the flower to him. "Don't you think it ought to be put in front of Mademoiselle's plate?"

Pierre took the rose and going across the studio to a small bracket in a corner took down a delicately wrought vase of golden and rose-colored glass—a true triumph of Murano.

"We will put it into this," he said. And filling the beautiful thing with water from the carafe he placed the single rose in front of the seat Maryvonne was to occupy.

When the table was sufficiently adorned Mélanie went down to her kitchen once more to baste her roasting goose, to mix the ingredients of a wonderful salad and to attend to the *St. Honoré*. Pierre could hear her whipping the cream vigorously for the adornment of the said confection, as he got into a decent suit of clothes for the feast. The two of them had arranged everything themselves—Mélanie having declared that Pierre's ordinary

servant might go and attend to her drunken spouse all Christmas Day if she wished, for *she*—Mélanie—was not going to have any foreign servant fussing about her when she was cooking! She would either be entirely alone, or would not come at all! Such had been her fiat, and Pierre had been forced to give in to her wishes.

When Pomm and Maryvonne came into the studio they declared themselves charmed with the tasteful decorations. Maryvonne, sauntering idly round the wide room contemplating the pictures and busts that adorned it, and which she knew already so well, suddenly asked Pierre who was arranging the chairs around the table:

"Have you not invited your old housemate to come to your Christmas dinner? Surely he would make an exception in his hermit-like habits upon a fête-day like this."

"You may be sure that I did not forget to ask him!" replied Pierre, smiling at Maryvonne and regarding her with gratitude for her kind thought. "But the dear man answered that Christmas Day feasts were made for those who had parents or children. And he has neither—poor old fellow!"

"Has he really no one in the wide, wide world belonging to him?" asked Maryvonne. The solitude of the old man appealed to her mysteriously.

"Not a single one! He had a wife and a daughter once—but has neither now!"

"But won't he consider you as his son and celebrate Christmas Day with you?"

"Alas! dear little friend, I have done all I can to drag him out of his hermit's cell. But nothing can be accomplished! He clings to his solitude."

"And do you mean to say that while we are up here having a jolly time all together the poor old fellow is downstairs all alone?"

"Yes," said Pierre sadly. "He will

brew his evening cup of chocolate on his spirit lamp alone to-night as upon all other nights of the year. Christmas and family rejoicings, goodwill towards all men, such things to him mean no more on Christmas Day than upon other days. I have tried my best to bring him out of himself. But to no avail. I should make myself positively distasteful to him if I insisted any further—so I leave him alone as he asks me to do."

There were tears in Maryvonne's eyes but she made no answer. Then Pomm put in:

"My dear, until kind Providence sent you into my dreary old life as a joy and a blessing, I too was as lonely as the old man downstairs." He looked at the young girl wistfully as he spoke.

Maryvonne went up to him and throwing her arms around his neck kissed him with all the tenderness of a daughter, and with all the gravity, too, of a woman who had begun to understand the real sorrows of life.

"Then you still do not complain of having an impertinent, high-handed, useless and expensive daughter thrust upon you against your will or inclination to make your life a misery?"

"You have made my life a blessing and a joy ever since you came into it, my dear," said old Pomm, who for almost the first time in his life spoke with spontaneous emotion, as he wiped away a chill tear from his eyes.

And Maryvonne kissed him again and Pierre, looking at them both from across the room, felt once more murderously inclined towards the inoffensive old Pomm—for he could never repress such impulses when Maryvonne's affection for Pomm—or indeed for anyone else—was made manifest. Mélanie coming into the studio at that moment with two bottles of red wine under her arm caught Pierre's fiery glance, and audaciously,

flagrantly, the irrepressible old woman deliberately winked at the young man, as if to say: "Why don't you get her to do the same for you?"

But Pierre only felt miserable and wished ardently that he could have the same privileges as the old mariner, which was of course a ridiculous thing to expect!

The table now being quite ready, and the two silver candelabra that were Pierre's most cherished recent possessions, being gorgeously lit up with many candles shaded with rose-colored shades, they all sat down with much merriment and excellent appetites. Pomm was put at the head of the table and Pierre at the bottom. Maryvonne occupied one side of the table opposite to the door of the room and with her back to the roaring fire. The unoccupied side of the table was filled up with a bank of flowers, and holly and mistletoe.

As they sat down Maryvonne, noticing the empty side of the table, cried out:

"But where does our Mélanie sit? She was specially invited to this feast by the master of the house!"

Pierre looked somewhat uncomfortable and rose from the table.

"I can't understand what has happened! . . . I laid this table myself and I set four places!"

Mélanie was standing at the back of Maryvonne's chair.

She was waiting to see them all seated before bringing in the hot *croûte au pot* which was seasoned to perfection and awaited instant consumption. She came forward now shamefacedly enough, and addressed herself to Pomm—her legal employer.

"Monsieur Pierre laid the place for me, but I removed it, Monsieur," she said. "I do not think it right that I should sit down to the table with my masters." For Mélanie was one of the old school of servants who had not yet

learnt the cheap catch-cry of democratic politicians: "I am as good as you are any day!"

"Oh! but we want you, Mélanie dear! We shouldn't enjoy our Christmas dinner without you!" cried Maryvonne.

"Yes. . . . Yes! . . . You must come!" cried Pierre and Pomm together. . . .

Mélanie looked disturbed. She was both flattered and annoyed.

"*Ecoutez, Monsieur.*" She once more addressed Pomm. "I can't attend to the goose, neither to the salad, nor to the *St. Honoré* properly if I sit down here with you. Besides, I must get up every moment to change the plates and silver. I beg you, Monsieur. Let me do my work first. Then I'll have some goose to eat in the kitchen and I'll come up with the champagne and dessert." For according to good old French family custom, champagne is a sweet dessert wine and a *St. Honoré* counts as dessert.

"Do you really prefer that arrangement?" asked Pomm of the perturbed Mélanie.

"Yes, please, Monsieur," implored Mélanie.

And she ran off to attend to the goose before another word could be said.

"Let her have her own way," said Pomm, "she'll be happier so."

And the feast began. And it reigned right merrily. Towards the end of the meal appeared the *St. Honoré* cake—crowned with its luscious cream and held up high with conscious pride and most natural vanity by its creator. Then Mélanie came and sat down with Pierre's guests and drank her brimming glass of champagne to the health of everyone present as well as to that of her daughter and her daughter's husband in Paris. And they all devoured *St. Honoré* cake and *petits fours* till they were nearly ill.

CHAPTER XXXII.

When the feast was well over and the three friends had turned their attention to other things than good fare, Mélanie cleared away the remains of the feast in the twinkling of an eye and then in accordance with the general request, leaving the plates and dishes in the kitchen downstairs to be washed up the following morning by the regular servant, she returned to the dining-hall and sat down with her host and his guests.

The studio had resumed its former air of rather severe austerity with its retinue of draped ghost-like forms that peopled it. But Pierre, desirous of ministering to all his artistic tastes, turned towards Maryvonne, whom he had not ceased gazing upon since her arrival in the afternoon, and begged her to sing to them with her accompanying guitar.

Maryvonne possessed a very sweet-toned natural voice and since about her sixteenth year Pomm had sent her to one of the most famous singing masters of Paris, to be trained in the art of the *décor*. For the chief quality of her voice was sweetness, not strength or volume, and conscious of its limitations, Maryvonne had studied only the *chansons* and songs that were well within its compass. Her master prudently avoided training her for the Grand Opera as so many teachers of singing deem it necessary to do with all pupils alike, whether they study for the stage or not. Maryvonne's great talent was an almost perfect *diction*. She phrased the words she sang perfectly, and made of her charming voice but a soft and melodious accompaniment to the poem itself. Her intonation, her sympathy and her heartfelt rendering of the words of all songs made up much of the charm of her singing. And all those who heard her were touched by the exquisite performance she thus attained.

Long before now, Pierre with a lover's intuition had divined her love of music and by dint of clever and subtle questioning had drawn from Pomm the confession of her talent. At once he had set to work to scour the London shops for a suitable instrument, Pomm having confessed that she had not brought her own guitar to England. Finally he had unearthed from an old shop in Chelsea, an instrument worthy of her—an old Spanish guitar which he bound round picturesquely with cherry-colored ribbons, so that she was able to sling it around her shoulders to sing more comfortably. He had offered her this as a Christmas gift, and now implored her to use it at once for the delight of all. At first, woman-like, she demurred, finding humorous excuses, but Pomm, having joined his insistence to that of her lover, she acquiesced with a reserved timidity of which Pomm had not deemed his wilful ward capable. Strange to say, the studio itself seemed to inspire her. As she tuned up her guitar, she made an effort to coerce her memory once more, to evoke a studio like this one, with broad windows opening over a railway line outside. There seemed to be some long resisting chord in her remembrance that was breaking away and loosening surprisingly in this room. And the dim reminiscence caused her to tune up for a song she had learned when quite a tiny child at her mother's knee in a room with a studio window like the one she was now in, while the same clatter of the Metropolitan trains could be heard outside. Because of her half-awakened recollection, Maryvonne began to sing the old song she had heard her mother sing so often: "*Comme à vingt ans!*"

The sweet voice rose and fell as it described an old man whose life—presumably—had been lived, though his regretful memory was still clear, as he

watched two young lovers together and was reminded of his own spent youth.

The quaint wailing refrain of the first verse:

"Je me mis à chanter, comme on chante à vingt ans,"

was hardly over and Maryvonne was just beginning to play the sweet tinkling ritornello on her instrument, when a very unexpected thing happened. The noise of a door being suddenly thrust open in the lower part of the house, caused them all to start violently: Pierre the most of all.

"What can be happening?" he cried.

"Surely it is not old Alto? Perhaps he wants something."

"Shall I go and see?" asked Mélanie, rising.

"No——" said Pierre. And he motioned her to her place.

"He would be terribly angry if we paid the least attention to him, unless it were absolutely necessary."

As he spoke, Pierre went himself to the top of the stairs and listened. But the door had evidently been closed again, and the old fellow had retired once more into his room.

So Pierre, satisfied that his old housemate wished to be left to his solitude as usual, threw himself back on to the divan near to Pomm and respectfully begged Maryvonne to proceed.

She sang the second verse in her pure voice, and just after the second ritornello, the same noise was heard again, and made them all stop suddenly breathless in the studio. Evidently, old Alto in his lonely room beneath, had been disturbed from his work and had come out of his room to listen to the music on the dark staircase. But was it because he was annoyed at being interrupted, or because he was interested in the music? Pierre, afraid that his unusual action meant protestation, slipped out once more on to the landing and peering

down over the banisters saw the old man standing on the bottom stair. From his attitude, however, it was evident that he was listening, and did not wish to be observed. From his own station on the landing, Pierre motioned to Maryvonne through the open door to pursue her song. Then—to his amazement—as the delicious strains of the girl's young voice floated down the staircase, Pierre could see the old man gently, cautiously ascending a few steps at a time towards the sweet melody! So wishing not to disturb his old friend in his enjoyment of the song, Pierre slipped back quietly into the studio, leaving the door on the landing wide open so that the sound of the music could reach him. Pierre was astounded at the interest which the old man was evincing. . . . Since he had lived with him, he had never known him to come out of his room thus, or, indeed, to betray any interest whatever in anything but his own affairs. That Maryvonne's singing should have attracted him from out of his den seemed an almost unaccountable occurrence! Pierre's first impression was that it would be well to invite the old man upstairs into the studio. But upon reflection, he feared his housemate's displeasure, which had always been so very great when people had sought to inveigle him into outside diversions. So he refrained. Indeed, the very basis of their understanding when starting to live under the same roof, had been that neither should call the other from his rooms, except for grave and serious reasons.

Maryvonne was now about to begin upon the third verse of her song and as she played the sweet tinkling introduction on her instrument, Pierre moved out noiselessly again on to the landing and to his surprise, saw that the old man had come up several more stairs and was still moving stealthily towards the upper floor.

He made no remark, but slipping back once more into the studio, turned his entire attention to the young singer, whose gentle voice thrilled through the room.

Maryvonne was entirely wrapped up in her singing, and had noticed nothing. As she sang one could hear in the breathing spaces, soft, stealthy steps ascending towards the door of the room.

She was almost at the end of the song—her emotion at the words rising as she sang the last lines:

"Je me mis à pleurer, comme on pleure à vingt ans."

And as her fingers strayed over the strings, playing the last note of the accompaniment, the door was thrust quite widely open and an old black-haired man with dark, beetling brows, deathly pale, with discomposed features and hot tears burning in his eyes, pushed his way into the studio. His appearance—so unexpected by the singer, by the ever-unobservant Pomm and by the surprised Mélanie—was the cause of a symphony of three startled exclamations. Maryvonne gave a sudden and immediately subdued little shriek, Mélanie breathed "Ah! Mon Dieu!" and Pomm immediately raised the binoculars always at hand and wonderingly exclaimed "*Tiens!*"

The only one of the party who said nothing was Pierre.

For a few seconds, there was absolute silence. The old man, as if totally unconscious of the presence of others than Maryvonne, turned to the girl, and without the slightest preamble demanded—almost rudely:

"Where did you learn that song?"

It seemed as if the man's very life depended upon her answer and his labored breathing, anxious, agonized, struck them all.

The girl—unastonished at the abrupt demand of the old man—answered at once, and with a gentleness that sur-

prised Pomm and Mélanie, who were accustomed to hear Maryvonne exact great politeness from others:

"My mother used to sing that song when I was a little girl and I suddenly remembered it." . . . And turning towards Pomm:

"Even my father never heard me sing it before, did you, *père* Pomm?"

"No," acquiesced Pomm, "you have never sung me that charming song before, my dear, I think."

The old man—still standing, though Pierre had at once come forward with a chair for his unexpected visitor—paid not the least attention to anyone in the room but Maryvonne. Speaking rather harshly he said to her:

"I congratulate you, Mademoiselle, upon your charming talent." And gazing as if fascinated by the child he added more gently:

"Your sweet voice has called even me out of my den. You remember, Mademoiselle, in the olden days, the songs of the sirens charmed the great adventurers from their duties. The same magic works to-day, you see!"

He smiled, and his smile was the sweetest and saddest to see. Pierre had seen it but twice during the whole course of their friendship—once as he had given him the plaster cast of the *Mignon's* face, and once again when the young sculptor had received the money for his Italian trip.

The old man turned away from the chair offered by Pierre, and sinking down upon the divan close to Maryvonne said:

"Will you sing another song to a most unhappy old man, my child, and make him forget once again, for a few moments, his sorrows and his despair?"

His tone was so pathetic and his voice so tender as he spoke to her that ready tears sprang to her eyes, and one could not be sure that there were not responsive tears in the merry blue eyes of Pierre Gérard.

"Certainly, Monsieur," answered Maryvonne as she took up her guitar once more. "What shall I sing, *petit père?*" she asked of Pomm.

"Sing another of your dear mother's songs, my child; you really sing those better than any others!"

"And they seem to suit the peculiar quality of your voice," put in Pierre.

Maryvonne threw him a glance but did not speak.

"What is your name, my dear?" suddenly asked the old man as Maryvonne bent over her instrument.

"Maryvonne," she answered simply, as she stopped turning the keys of the guitar. "And this," she added, presenting Pomm and drawing the shy old fellow forward as she spoke, "is my father—Commandant Pommeret."

The old man bowed ceremoniously to Pomm, who returned his salutation in like manner. Then the old stranger gave his entire attention to Maryvonne again.

"I could have had a daughter of your age!" he said with a sigh, "and she might have been very much like you in face and features too, my dear. But surely! . . . This is not the first time we have met . . . is it?" And now he turned with new interest towards Pomm, utterly oblivious of Maryvonne's new song, thus putting an end to it for the moment.

"Did we not meet a few weeks ago in the old bookshop in Marylebone Road?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Maryvonne spontaneously, answering for Pomm. "Of course! . . . You remember now, don't you, *petit père?* We even mentioned our meeting with you to our friend and host—Monsieur Pierre!" And forgetful, too, of the intended song, she rose and rushed towards Pomm.

"Don't you remember the third volume of the *Bolleau* and the second volume of the *Italian History* you two wanted to squabble about?"

Which was quite an unfair way of putting it, since the old man had not ceased to behave admirably all through. It was old Pomm who had been pugnacious.

"Yes, yes, I remember now," said Pomm rather shamefacedly, for Maryvonne's remark concerning squabbles had reminded him of his bad behavior. "Yes. It *was* good of you to give up the Boileau without a murmur!"

The old man waved aside Pomm's tardy recognition of his generosity. And then Pierre, who knew no details at all about the incident at the bookseller's, inquired what all this talk meant. And of course it had to be explained or he would have become suddenly murderously inclined again towards his old housemate, so ridiculously and insanely jealous was he of all and sundry people who might approach his beloved one!

While the necessary explanations were being given to the absurd fellow, the old man could not take his eyes off Maryvonne's face. His ardent gaze seemed to burn it, and she too seemed bewitched by him. Entirely forgetting her music she drew nearer to his side on the divan and her eyes never left him.

Suddenly the old man looked up and saw the *Mignon* almost behind her, with the offering of lilies before the marble figure.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried. "Look, Pierre, look at the likeness! . . . between Mademoiselle and the *Mignon*!"

Whereupon they all laughed—even Mélanie—for the secret of the *Mignon* was now known even to her.

And of course the story of the creation of the *Mignon* had to be told again by Pierre, for the old man's benefit.

"Well," he cried, when the tale was told, "I knew you were an impossible impertinent person, my boy"—the old man actually smiled again—"but I did

not think that your blessed effrontery would have carried you so far! What must you have thought of him, Mademoiselle?" he inquired of the girl, from whom he seemed to be incapable of tearing away his eyes.

But Maryvonne only blushed adorably and laughed and was terribly perturbed until Mélanie came to help her out of her confusion by asking in a very subdued voice of her master:

"*Et la chanson, Monsieur?* . . . Are we not to have it?"

And, delighted to recover from her bashful blushes, Maryvonne once more caught up her guitar and began to play the opening bars of Gounod's "*Sérénade*."

The old man gazed at the girl with all his soul in his eyes.

There seemed to be some strange link between her and him, for oblivious of all the others—even of her lover—she turned towards him and sang to him alone:

*Chantez, chantez, ma belle,
Chantez, chantez toujours.
Chantez, chantez, ma belle, chantez
toujours! . . .*

The notes rippled forth in their clear utterance and the streams of melody seemed to attract other hidden streams of tears, for the old man did not even strive to conceal his deep and fervent emotion.

When the song was finished he congratulated her with gentle and subtle admiration.

"My child, you have moved me as I have not been moved for many years. I thought that my old eyes could weep no more! I did not know that I should live to shed tears of emotion yet again! I have not been so affected since I lost all hope of ever finding my wife and little daughter again." . . .

Pierre looked upon his old housemate with tender solicitude. It was the first time since he had known Alto that he had heard him refer to his

affections of the past. For never had the old man told Pierre more concerning his own life since the day of his eventful visit to Pierre's studio in Paris.

"Is it long since you lost them?" asked Maryvonne gently. She had moved to the old man's side upon the divan.

"Ah! my child! It would be a very long story to tell you about them. . . . It is a subject I have not alluded to for many years. Had my daughter lived she would have been about your age to-day . . . and indeed, my dear, she probably would have been very much like what you are." As he spoke he took up one of the girl's hands that lay close to him and respectfully, lingeringly, tenderly, he kissed the rosy fingers.

"Dear friend," said Pierre who had now come forward, "won't you tell us something of your sad story? We can all understand you here and can sympathize with you. We are neither heartless nor merely inquisitive. I am sure that it would do you good to unburden your heart to us. Would it not?"

"Ah! Pierre, *mon garçon*. I know your kindness! I appreciate what you say. But I do not wish to burden this bright youthfulness"—and he caressed Maryvonne's hair—"with the recital of my woes."

"Oh! please do not say that!" pleaded Maryvonne. "I should like to hear about your daughter; indeed I should!"

"Well! I will tell you then. But I warn you it is a very long and sad story. As a matter of fact, I do not know whether she is alive or dead at this minute!"

"Oh! do tell us all!" pleaded Maryvonne again. She was strangely troubled and there were tears in her voice. She seemed under a curious spell and the fate of the daughter of

the old man interested her keenly.

"Well, my dear! Here is the story as shortly put as possible. I was a very young married man in 1868 and brought my young wife to London directly after our marriage. We settled here—in this very house." . . .

"In this very house!" broke in Maryvonne. And she looked around the room with amazed, inquiring gaze. Pomm, Pierre, and Mélanie looking at her could not understand her restrained but very evident excitement. What thoughts she might have at the back of her head in her strange insistence for Alto's story not one of them could guess.

"Yes—in this very house" . . . he repeated. "I was very young then and very enthusiastic for the liberty of my country. I was born in Florence and loved Italy beyond all other loves. My mind was nourished with the teachings of Garibaldi and of Mazzini, and I too fought for the liberty of my land. Being implicated with the more advanced revolutionists I was forced to fly from Italy. . . . So that is why my young French wife and myself decided to live here in London, where I could still be of great use to my party, the laws of England being broad and generous for the revolutionists of other lands. Here, in this house, in June, 1870, my little girl was born." . . .

"I was born in that year and in that month, too," broke in Maryvonne again. She did not fear to interrupt the forbidding old man, and he seemed to be all indulgence for her.

"Were you, my dear?" he said, and touching her hair again with a soft and clinging pressure he proceeded:

"When the news came of war between France and Germany I left London at once, to fight on the French side. I had always told my wife that I should start with the very first lot of combatants, and she, being a French-woman and the soul of hero-

ism, did not seek to prevent me. I left, therefore, upon the very evening of the day that war was declared. . . . Before separating my dear wife and I decided to burn all the documents relating to our cause which we had in our possession. They might have been dangerous for her to keep. . . . She therefore retained only a few necessary family papers and I gave her all the money I had. It was not much, for we were not rich; my sole means of sustenance for myself and wife and child being my earnings as a photographer. I had been forced to make a living somehow, for when I had been exiled from my country I had been deprived of my personal fortune. This," looking around the room as he spoke, "used to be my professional studio." . . .

Maryvonne trembled in all her limbs, and looked around the room taking note of the relative position of doors and windows and forcing her brain to remembrance.

"Well! I started for France and fought for her. . . . But I never saw wife nor child again!"

"Ah!" sighed Maryvonne. And tenderly she laid her hand upon the wrinkled old hand beside her.

"No . . . I never saw them again, and to this day I do not know if they are yet living. . . . After the war, in which I took an active part and won much glory—for they offered me the Cross of the Legion of Honor on the field, which I refused, for I do not hold with Administrative Honors—I took part in the Commune. My Socialistic convictions led me to throw in my lot with my less fortunate brethren. The result was that—having been implicated very seriously in the revolt—I was deported to New Caledonia in company with Henri Rochefort and many others. Now with the exception of a single letter at the beginning of hostilities, I had been unable through-

out the Franco-German war to communicate with my wife, and had received but two letters from her. When I was deported to New Caledonia I wrote to tell her. But since then I have had proof that my letters never reached her. What must she have thought of me, my poor dear Marthe! Perhaps she thought that I had forgotten her and had voluntarily abandoned her in England, with her child! If so—I dare not think of the torture of her proud spirit. For she was the proudest as she was the noblest of women! How she must have hated to dwell upon all thoughts of me! My silence must have broken her heart!"

Maryvonne started perceptibly again and all her soul was alive in her ardent eyes. But she said not a word.

"I shall never know," pursued Alto sadly, "whether she thought me dead—killed by a German bullet or faithless. . . . God alone knows! . . . Ah! . . . God alone knows!" . . .

"She did not think you faithless, I am sure of that, at least" . . . whispered Maryvonne almost inaudibly. She was as pale as death itself.

"Dear child!" murmured the old man pressing the small hand he held in answer to her sympathy. "How sweet of you to try to comfort me!" For a few moments the old man, fighting against his emotion, was silent. Then he resumed:

"Well! I stayed ten years in the French penitentiary, and as I had plenty of spare time I taught myself many things and improved my education, learning geometry and algebra and other subjects to perfect my former rather desultory studies. At last the amnesty set me free from New Caledonia. Anxious to know whether my old mother was still alive—as our return ship stopped at an Italian port quite near to my old home—I ventured into Italy again to go to my mother's house near Florence. But the Italian

police were too quick for me! Before I could get there they had me again, and then I was flung into an Italian prison compared with which the penitentiary of New Caledonia was mere child's play! . . . For ten more years they kept me chained up in a tiny cell, about two yards long by about one yard wide! I think now—when I reflect upon those days—that it is marvellous I did not go mad then! When I thought of my wife and child—and of my old mother—I assure you that I feared that my reason would go. But I fought against insanity. . . . I *willed* to retain my brain power. And I did. But I came out a broken man and have never shed a human tear since then—till this evening—when this child's voice touched some hidden spot in my brain and brought back floods of tender memories. . . . For this young girl—miraculously—has the voice of my dear wife who so often sang me those same old songs." . . . And again he caressed the hair of Maryvonne.

No one dared to interrupt the old man's story by any remark. They all hung breathless upon his words. Pomm had tears in his eyes, and even Pierre seemed to have forgotten how to smile his gay debonair smile. As for Mélanie, she had avowedly collapsed and was crying quietly, her face buried in her hands.

"When I got out of Italy once more," resumed old Alto in his hopeless voice, "I learned that my mother had died while I was in prison! They told me that she never knew where I had been all those silent years, or indeed what had become of me! Then I came to England again to seek for my dear wife and my little one. Alas! What a search I made! But it was of no avail! Nothing I could do would bring me news of them, all trace of them had entirely disappeared. I came back to this house, though meanwhile

the very name of the street had been changed. Luckily I recognized the house itself! As it happened to be without a tenant last year I took a fresh lease of it at once. While I had been in prison, in Italy, one of the old friends of my childhood had died, leaving me a small fortune which put me out of all necessity of working for my living. I devote most of it, however, to the cause of Socialism, that is so near my heart and which indeed is the only thing that makes me still wish to live! So I resolved to settle here definitely and take to propagandist writing. I sign my articles *Alto* which is a part of my real name, and am now known exclusively by my pseudonym."

Maryvonne started violently and her eyes blazed, but still she remained silent.

" . . . But so far," pursued Alto, "in spite of all my inquiries I have found no trace either of wife or child. I learned, however, that my poor Marthe—after my departure—had supported herself and child for some time, giving French lessons and taking in one or two boarders here. At the beginning of 1875, however, she must have found it difficult to make ends meet, for she left the house and returned to France. Since then I have been unable to find any trace of her. Her determination to disappear entirely—to conceal all record of herself and child definitely and forever—seemed to me a proof of her complete misunderstanding of my silence. She must have been wounded to the quick in believing herself forgotten by the man she loved. . . . But I left no stone unturned in my search. I went back to her own birthplace, where I had at first met her—only to learn that her old mother was dead and to find not the slightest clue to her whereabouts. There was literally not a single piece of evidence to help me to find the two

creatures I loved most on earth! Since I have returned here I have made many inquiries again. But in vain. Alas!" . . .

The old man paused for a few moments. Then the gentle voice of Maryvonne broke in:

"What was the name of your daughter?"

The old man turned towards her:

"That, my dear, is a question that often has been asked of me and which I have never consented to answer. She bore so original and unique an appellation that I have always thought that it will enable me to be sure of her identity, when I meet a girl who bears her very uncommon name. Many spurious daughters have been offered to me, I can assure you, for I have sought far and wide—but none have been able to prove to me that they were who they pretended to be. For none have told me her strange name, and none have been able to produce her birth certificate." . . .

"I can tell you her name," . . . insisted Maryvonne gently, in a steady, even tone. She was curiously calm and pale. Pomm looked up at her aghast, for he had been incapable of linking together the chain of circumstances as related by Alto, and Pierre, too, was almost as surprised at Maryvonne's remark as he was. Mélanie's face alone showed no surprise at the girl's declaration. She was a woman and her brain had worked upon the same lines as that of Maryvonne.

"You can tell me her name!" echoed Alto. "Ah! my dear little girl, I should be very surprised if you could!"

"I can. . . . I am *sure* that I can," . . . insisted Maryvonne in the same level voice as before. . . . Her name is—not *was*—*is*—*Itala, Roma*." . . .

There was a deathly silence! . . . The old man's dark face became suddenly ashen gray as he raised himself upon the divan and looked at the girl

as if she were a being suddenly arisen from another world. Pierre, too, had leapt to his feet and old Pomm—his arms helplessly fallen aside—for once in his life was too amazed to put up his glasses to gaze at the surprised group before him.

"How do you know?" . . . at last gasped the old man. "It is the first time for more than twenty years that I have heard that name spoken!" His voice sounded hoarse and he was evidently mastering strong emotion.

"I am *Itala, Roma, Altobrandi*," declared Maryvonne in a clear, affirmative tone. "I was born at 7 *Oxford Road*, on the 5th June, 1870, the legitimate daughter of *Fabio Altobrandi, Photographer*, and his wife, *Marthe Renoir*."

For a few moments there was again a deathly silence. And then abruptly the old man rose from the divan, and grasping Maryvonne by the two wrists he held her as in a grip of death.

"You lie, girl! . . . You lie! . . . Your name is Maryvonne Pommeret!"

"No," broke in Pomm here, as he suddenly left his seat and came towards his ward to save her from the fierce grasp. "Maryvonne is not my own daughter, Sir. She is but my adopted child—though none the less dear for that!"

And so anxious was he to give immediate proof of his assertion that Pomm, leaving poor Maryvonne still in the awful grip of the old man, straightway began to fumble in all his pockets—one after another—and finally drew from them various papers—two envelopes and a photograph, as well as the death certificate of Madame Durand, which he had brought to London with him, in case of need. All these he handed to Alto in silence. But Alto brushed them aside impatiently.

"Then by what name is she generally known?" he asked. He spoke as if he had the right of *demanding* the truth,

and in spite of Pomm's renewed efforts to release Maryvonne, he still held her in his fierce, cruel grasp.

"She is known as Maryvonne *Durand*. . . . *Durand* was the name by which her mother was known in Paris, until the year of her death, in 1881!"

"Her death! . . . Alas! my poor *Marthe*!" murmured Alto. "It is true that we were known here in London as Monsieur and Madame *Durand*, because of the Italian police."

And slowly he released Maryvonne's wrists that he had crushed so cruelly. But she did not even notice the pain he had inflicted.

Then he took the papers which Pomm still held, and examined them one after the other. They were the birth certificate of his child—the death certificate of his wife—the photograph of Maryvonne with her mother, and the empty envelope addressed to his wife, in his own handwriting, which he immediately recognized as containing the first letter he had written to his wife from the front, at the beginning of the Franco-German war.

After a pause, he resumed:

"So my poor *Marthe* is dead!"

"Yes," put in *Mélanie*'s voice here—she was rubbing poor Maryvonne's wrists soothingly as she spoke. "Yes. I laid her in her coffin myself, Monsieur!"

Alto subsided back on to the divan, his head bent forward in his two hands.

"My poor *Marthe*! poor *Marthe*! How I wish that I knew whether she died believing ill of me!"

"She believed you were dead, long ago, I think," . . . said Maryvonne softly, and the girl's hand rested gently upon her father's bent head. "She loved and revered her memory of you!"

"Ah! bless you, child, for the comfort you give me!" said Alto, rising, and coming towards his daughter he

at last gathered her into his arms.

They kissed and clasped one another in silence, with much tenderness and many tears. Apparently they had forgotten that they were not alone in the room.

Suddenly Maryvonne, gazing upwards, caught sight of Pomm, as he stood alone in a corner of the studio. His old face was twisted into the most awful grimaces and contortions. He was trying hard not to allow his emotions to overcome him. He stood there—a forlorn figure—his legs shaking under him, his arms hanging limp, his back bent, his breast heaving with emotion. At the sight of his distress, Maryvonne, leaving her father's arms, rushed across the room and enfolded Pomm's shaking frame in her strong young grasp.

"*Père Pomm*. . . . *père Pomm*. . . darling and most adored of *petits Pères*! Even if I am not your child by blood—I am the child of your heart and spirit and shall always love you as a dear father all my life!"

And Pomm took her back into his arms, and tried vainly to smile at her through his misty tears.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Pomm, despite all his greater and nobler qualities, had been suddenly afflicted with an outbreak of the worst kind of malady that can assail humanity—which was a violent attack of jealousy! Poor Pomm! He had loved Maryvonne as a daughter, for so many years, had allowed himself to be buffeted, ill-treated, petted or harangued in turn, by the saucy minx, had devoted his entire life to her interests and besides all that, had simply adored her—having considered her completely as his own. And now, in spite of his sincere attempts to find the real father of his ward—he was unexpectedly, cruelly bereft of his parenthood and his child was no longer his

at all! Surely this was not only disconcerting but most unfair! For so many years, Maryvonne had been his own particular property. And now she was another's!

"Dear *petit père*," said the girl, understanding what was passing in her adopted father's mind, "it is hard upon you, is it not? To have brought up a foundling—an absolute stranger—as your own, and now to have her caught up into the heart of a new, full-fledged father?"

"Well, yes!" admitted Pomm, rather ashamed of his outburst of terror, and valiantly trying to smile once more upon the child he so loved, "I must say—it is rather hard!"

"Ah! Monsieur," broke in here the sagacious and excellent-hearted, though most ill-mannered Mélanie, "I think one may safely say, that neither you nor any other father, for the matter of that, would have kept her now, at least not for very long!"

And the irrepressible old woman had tears in her eyes as she glanced with direct intent at Pierre Gérard, as if to say, "Speak up, man; now's your time!"

And Pierre, seizing the hint, and suddenly stirred with a forceful courage, turned to look at Maryvonne straight in the face, and in the strenuous silence that followed, the girl found herself covered with confusion and blushes.

"Madame Mélanie has spoken like Wisdom herself," said Pierre, coming forward towards his beloved. "I have the honor of asking Mademoiselle Maryvonne's hand in marriage of her two fathers!"

If a bomb-shell had fallen between Pomm and Alto, they could not have been more amazed!

Old Alto was the first to recover. His arm still around the waist of his newly-found daughter, he smiled his rare, sagacious smile.

"I ought not to be astonished, seeing that it is you who ask, *mon bon Pierre*. You certainly will not allow grass to grow beneath your feet! You took her without any permission for a model! So if we were both to refuse her to you now, you would probably take her without anybody's permission again . . . as a wife!"

"Exactly." And Pierre bowed before Maryvonne, smiling. "That is, if she herself is willing!"

"I'm glad you've had the decency to put in that saving clause!" grunted old Alto.

Pomm was still standing in his forlorn position, his arms hanging limply by his sides. He looked from the young man to the girl, as if trying to guess a most puzzling riddle. For a few moments he waited thus in silence.

"*Mon Commandant*," said Pierre, advancing towards him, and speaking very gently, "I love Maryvonne, to whom you have been as a father for so long. I think that I could make her happy. I have the honor of asking you to give me her hand in marriage."

Pierre was careful to word his request in the most conventional formula possible, so that Pomm should quite understand. The old man appeared to be almost stunned with the late revelations, and seemed incapable of comprehending any kind of half-suggested hint. Only a very clear statement could penetrate his obfuscated understanding.

But while Pomm stood still, irresolute, hardly grasping the meaning of the young man's words, notwithstanding their explicitness, to the fresh amazement of all, the irrepressible Pierre suddenly burst forth:

"No . . . no . . . *mon Commandant*! . . . I take it all back . . . all back. . . . No! . . . I do not ask you or anyone else for Maryvonne's hand!" . . .

Pomm and Alto stared at Pierre, as

if he had suddenly been bereft of his senses. But Maryvonne, in spite of her confusion, smiled at the young man's outburst, hiding her blushing face once more in both hands. Though she was disconcerted, she understood what the absurd young fellow meant by his sudden change of front.

"You see," he said, explaining to Pomm and to Alto together, "I dare not claim her hand from either of you—or, indeed, from anyone but herself! . . . I only just remembered in time! Bless my soul! just think. . . . What a mess I should have made! The lady is a strong feminist—a future barrister, too! Why, I should lose any chance I might have, if I were to ask for her hand from anyone but her sweet self!"

And turning to Maryvonne, who still blushing and perplexed, was yet smiling at him, he fell down on his knees—plump—right in front of them all and boldly, unabashed and unblushing, made his proposal:

"Dear, sweet Maryvonne. Will you try to love me? I know that I am not worthy to touch the hem of your garment. But I do love you dearly. . . . Do, please, consent to marry me?"

Never had there been so absurd a proposal. But poor Maryvonne was worn out and exhausted by so many rapidly succeeding emotions, and could bear no more. After the intense excitement of finding her father, Pierre's proposal, though it did not seem to astonish her, appeared almost tame. Yet she was determined not to let her emotions subdue her entirely. It was, however, half-laughing and half-sobbing that she answered him in the same strain as his own proposal.

"Of course I will, you silly creature! I know that I should never get any peace again if I said 'No.'"

"Indeed, you are right there!" . . . admitted Pierre, coming towards her.

Then, perceiving that her overwrought nerves were almost giving way, he took her gently, tenderly into his arms and drawing her with him, into a corner of the studio, where the shadows enfolded them both—and utterly oblivious of the presence of the two old men or, indeed, anyone else in the whole world but themselves—he clasped her to his heart.

Seeing them thus together, old Pomm's eyes were suffused with tears, and drawing his immense and crumpled handkerchief out of the depths of his pocket, he buried his long old nose in it. . . . But Alto had known too many sorrows and renouncements for his old heart not to be numbed and partly insensible. It was difficult for happiness to penetrate his tough old heart, and though he looked happy, his eyes were still terribly sad.

A moment later, Pierre, looking up, saw the two fathers side by side gazing at them from the middle of the room and boldly he made sign to the two indiscreet old fellows to leave them alone! Understanding his request, Alto turned to Pomm and saw that he had not grasped Pierre's meaning. The old sailor was still standing irresolute, though painfully self-conscious, shifting his weight first on to one foot and then on to the other, his two arms hanging listless by his sides, his chin forward on his breast. Then Alto wondered what he could do to get Pomm out of the room. Suddenly he had an inspiration:

"*Mon Commandant*," he whispered, going up to him and touching his arm. "Let us go down to my study together for a while. I want to show you my old books. I've lots of them!" . . .

The word "books" was enough and acted like magic!

Pomm pulled himself together in an alert and most unexpected manner, and turning to Alto with wonderful alac-

rity for his years, a pleased and expectant smile upon his face, he tripped gaily out of the room in the old Italian's wake.

As for the astute Mélanie, long before that she had furtively and discreetly slipped away downstairs.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

And now the lovers were alone.

After some moments of silence, during which they clung together with tearful joy—Maryvonne glanced up quizzically at her Pierre:

"You seemed to take it for granted that I loved you and was quite willing to marry you!"

"Don't think me too impertinent, dearest," he answered, with astonishing and gentle meekness, "I have loved you so long and so tenderly, that my love *must* have called out love from your heart. . . . And besides. . . . Had not your eyes told me that I might hope?"

Maryvonne asked for no further explanation, and made no reply. But she buried her head once more into its former resting-place on his shoulder.

The two fathers did not come back into the studio for a full hour. Evidently they had found much to say to one another and had cleared up many obscurities in the story of Maryvonne and her dead mother. The two lovers, too, had found many things to tell one another, and when the old fellows returned once more to the studio, they rather resented the intrusion of their domain, in the cruel intolerance of their happy, youthful love.

"You were evidently destined to become my son—you rascal!" said Alto, addressing Pierre. The old man looked

happy enough, but deep personal emotion was denied him.

Pomm, who had hopped gleefully into the room in Alto's wake, looked bright and cheerful enough now, though he gazed at Maryvonne wistfully as if with reproach for her facile renouncement of him. For he well understood that his child was now definitely lost to him.

Yet many more explanations were given and received later, when they had all recovered their usual equanimity.

And so Maryvonne—as Pomm continued to call her, although Alto called her Roma, and Pierre called her *Dear-est*—never resumed her studies of French law, and perhaps a great *avocate* was lost to the French bar! . . . She returned to Paris three months afterwards with her husband.

Later, Alto came to stay with them in their large studio flat near the Luxembourg, and as the years have passed by—though his headquarters are still in the little house in Kensington, where he lived with the wife of his youth—he often goes to stay with his daughter in Paris.

As for old Pomm, he went back to France the day after Maryvonne's marriage, and in tow came Mélanie to look after him, burdened with many recommendations and exhortations from Maryvonne for her adopted father's comfort. But Pomm has returned to his old passions and evil ways. He still lives only for his books, and continues to collect large quantities of them, to leave them later—he says—to his godson—Jean, Fabio Gérard—now aged five—who is the apple of old Alto's eye and the joy of his parents' hearts.

THE END.

THE ORIGINAL THOMAS ATKINS.

BY COLONEL ROBERT HOLDEN MACKENZIE.

"It's Tommy this, and Tommy that,
and Tommy get away ;

But it's 'Thank you, Mr. Atkins,'
when the band begins to play."

When the present war is over, whether that consummation is achieved sooner or later, it will be remembered to no small extent as that in which the British soldier came at long last into his own. There is no denying that hitherto the soldier seems never to have been one of the nation. From the day he took the King's shilling he has been regarded as something quite apart. If his praises have been occasionally sung in war, he has been put aside again in peace as something to be kept at arm's length. It is the old story. An old writer says of the profession of arms in Tudor times that "such as had followed the wars are despised almost of every man until the very pinch of need doth come":

"Our God and soldier we alike adore
When at the brink of ruin, not before;
After deliverance both alike requited,
Our God forgotten and the soldier
slighted."

To-day there are indications of a change—it is hoped a lasting change—in the attitude of the nation towards the army. A feeling has arisen that the failings of the soldier, such as they appear, are far outweighed by his numerous virtues and unconquerable bravery.

In these progressive days it is not surprising that the average soldier should in many respects be looked upon as an improvement upon his predecessor, who is credited with having sworn so terribly in Flanders. But, after all, he is the same individual. If we follow the growth of the British as a military power to Crécy and Agincourt, thence to the New Model, and the standing army with its subsequent

glorious record, the British soldier, through all the changes of the art of war, will be found unchangeable. The heart that throbs beneath the khaki jacket is the same that throbbed under the red coat, and the tightly buttoned coatee. The fighting spirit remains unchanged. A splendid fighting man is he who is affectionately and familiarly known throughout the Empire by the name of Thomas Atkins. It has been said that the world knows nothing of her greatest men. Mr. Roebuck, the Member for Sheffield in the 'fifties, used to tell the perfectly true story of his staying in a country house at the time of the death of the great Duke of Wellington. He spoke, in the early morning, to the gardener, an elderly man, who was mowing the lawn. "Bad news to-day." "Is there, sir?" said the man. "Yes," Mr. Roebuck said, "the Duke's dead at last." "Who, sir?" "The Duke of Wellington." "I'm very sorry for the gentleman," replied the man, going on with his work, "but I never heard of him."

The humble private soldier is more fortunate than the great Field Marshal; everyone has heard of Thomas Atkins. But whence the name? There is nothing modern about it. Since the memory of living man it has, by universal consent, been associated with the ordinary British soldier, in much the same manner that his harder-living, harder-swearing, but not less brave predecessor was dignified with that of "lobster"—not because of the hardness of his shell, but on account of the color of his uniform. Still, who was Thomas Atkins? And how did he come by that name—if such an individual ever existed? The man in the street will tell you that no such person ever lived in the flesh, but that a War Of-

nice clerk created him by selecting the name haphazard and placing it, for want of a better, at the end of an official military document as a guide to the filling in of the said form. There is just a semblance of truth in this; but there is good ground for the additional contention that Thomas Atkins, in spite of his name becoming originally notorious on account of his association with a certain specimen army form, did actually live, move, and have his being as a soldier of the King. Indeed, more than one writer has put forward a claim to the identity of the actual individual.

In a short article written some years ago, Lord Dillon claimed to have discovered the original in a certain Thomas Atkins of the Fifth Foot, now the Northumberland Fusiliers, whose services and vicissitudes were enumerated in an official document, dated January 1830. This pretender—may we call him?—enlisted in 1806 at the age of seventeen, served in the Peninsula, shared in the misfortunes of the fever-stricken expedition to Walcheren, was wounded in the crowning victory of Waterloo, and was eventually discharged to pension as a sergeant in 1829, with, as we are told, a bald head, gray eyes, sallow complexion, a scar on his left hand, and some five feet ten inches to his credit. Lord Dillon's reputation as an authority on military manners and customs is such as to demand some assurance on the part of any individual questioning his lordship's accuracy. His protégé is an interesting individual who bore the honored name of Thomas Atkins: but are we justified in accepting him as the original, in the absence of any suggestion of his name appearing as a specimen signature to an army form?

Colonel Newnham Davis put in a plausible but improbable claim a year or two ago, in the pages of *Printers' Pie*, on behalf of a certain soldier in

the Grenadier Company of the 33rd Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment, who is said to have been killed in the Low Countries. The writer makes the great Duke himself responsible for the selection of this man, and fixes the date as that of the year 1843, when the Duke, as Commander-in-Chief, was asked to suggest a specimen name for a new model method of keeping the soldier's accounts. But Colonel Newnham Davis's candidate has not a leg to stand upon, besides being, as we shall see, forestalled by a very much earlier claimant.

A more reasonable claim was that made in 1908 for a rifleman. This "green-jacket" is said to have attained fame about the year 1845, about which time an authorized pattern ledger is supposed to have been introduced for soldiers' accounts. We are told that this document contained printed headings and trading items in place of what had previously been entered by the pay-sergeants in manuscript. There is evidence of the existence of printed ledgers some time before this, but it is possible that all general officers had not agreed to recognize them when inspecting the regimental books. This particular ledger had a model form of a completed account pasted inside the cover, and it bore the signature "Thomas Atkins" with that of "A. J. Lawrence—Captain," showing that it had emanated from that distinguished corps, the Rifle Brigade, in which presumably the original had served as a private, or, to be strictly correct, rifleman. This claim would be admissible enough but for the date being so recent.

That the name of Thomas Atkins originated in the signature of a private soldier to a specimen official model for keeping soldiers' accounts is tolerably certain. The difficulty is to identify the particular individual. By far the

best case so far made out is that of a gunner in the Royal Artillery. In the good old days when George III. was king, life in the ranks of the British Army was very hard, and the men saw little of their pay. William Cobbett, before he became notorious, served for eight years in the ranks of the 54th Regiment, and he himself speaks of the difficulty he experienced in saving even a halfpenny which he proposed to spend on a red herring as an addition to his scanty breakfast. But alas! the halfpenny was stolen. One can imagine what a godsend to the private soldier must have been a comrade who could initiate him into the mysteries of the art of getting his own out of some of his superiors. Such a rarity was the original Thomas Atkins.

It is well known that even as late as the commencement of the nineteenth century—the time when our hero flourished—soldiers' accounts were anything but well kept. Nor were they proverbial for their accuracy. Reading between the lines we may learn something from Francis Grose, he whom Robert Burns tells us had:

"Quat the spurtle blade and dogskin wallet,
And ta'en the antiquarian trade, I think they call it."

In one of his humorous veins Grose, who was Paymaster of a regiment some time before, boasts that he had but two books of accounts—his right and left hand pockets! But, seriously, in those days many of the men could neither read nor write, and were consequently dependent for their just dues on the honesty of their pay-sergeant. Occasionally some educated scape-grace would find his way into the ranks, but we hear nothing of his efforts to tackle the pay-sergeant. That wayward individual Samuel Taylor Coleridge, when he fled from Cambridge, enlisted in the Fifteenth Light

Dragoons under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbatch. He is said to have found his new life hard enough at first to make him regret the step he had taken. But he won favor with his comrades in the ranks by writing their letters. There is a story that he was employed as a mess waiter, and that one day he ventured to correct a classical quotation made by one of the officers at the table. But it was left to a more humble individual to do battle over the soldier's pay. Suddenly there arose a genius, a born accountant, in the person of a gunner in the Royal Regiment of Artillery of the name of Thomas Atkins. He soon became a very natural object of admiration to his comrades, and an object of awe on the part of pay-sergeants. Even by some of the officers he is said to have been at first regarded with suspicion. They thought he might be something of what is known in the army as a "barrack-room lawyer"; and barrack-room lawyers always have been, and are even at the present day, fought shy of. They were no greater favorites at the time of which we treat than in the days of Sergeant Kite. It is Kite who enlists an attorney, and is rebuked by his captain. "An attorney! wert thou mad? Discharge him. Discharge him instantly. I will have nobody in my company that can write; a fellow that can write can draw petitions."

Gunner Atkins was, however, a decent fellow; he had proved himself a man of physical courage in the field, and he soon earned the respect of his officers and of the more superior of the non-commissioned ranks for his moral courage. He had some reason for taking to heart the grievances under which the British soldier at that time labored, particularly in regard to his accounts, for had he not more than once been made to suffer in his own pocket by the craft and

subtlety of the pay-sergeant? He started a book in which he entered and balanced his accounts monthly; and so it is believed to have originated the idea of a soldier's pocket-ledger, or, as it was called at first in the Royal Artillery and afterwards in the army generally, a "Tommy Atkins." There is little doubt that this account book or pocket ledger was generally known by that name in the regiment; and it is equally true that there was then serving in the Royal Artillery a gunner of the name of Thomas Atkins, whose method of keeping his accounts was honored by almost general adoption in the service. If this be the case, the distinction of having produced the original of the familiar title by which that splendid fighting man, the British soldier, is affectionately known all over the Empire, must be conceded to the Royal Artillery.

The name has been objected to as insufficiently dignified. It, however, never fails to appeal to the British public, and is happily suggestive of the man in whom all our hopes at the present time are vested. It reminds us of those who have suffered as perhaps no British soldiers have ever suffered before, of the individuals whose bravery has been such as to quicken the pulse and to dim the eye of even the least sentimental, and whose exploits and endurance amid circumstances and hardships difficult to describe and impossible to exaggerate, have been worthy to rank with the

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most glorious deeds recorded in the annals of the past of any army at any time. Tommy Atkins has been described as a gentleman and a hero. The former he has become by constant association and sympathy with his officers on and off parade. A hero he has proved himself to be over and over again. One of the most inspiring examples of his heroism ever recorded was that related by Mr. Fortescue in one of his recent lectures on Military History at Trinity College, Cambridge. The *Warren Hastings*, when carrying four companies of the King's Royal Rifle Corps and other details in 1907, was wrecked on the island of Réunion. When the ship struck, sentries of the Rifles were at once posted at various points on the lower deck; and there they remained while the boats were lowered to take the battalion ashore. The water rose steadily upon them inch by inch, and had reached their chests, when at last an officer came to summon them also, last of all, to take their places in the boats. He collected them all, as he thought, but in the noise and darkness he missed one man and left him behind. The man saw his comrades disappear up the ladder, and the officer about to follow them. Then, but not till then, did he ask, *without quitting his post*, "Beg pardon, sir, may I come too?" That story is typical of the discipline, the self-sacrifice, the valor, and the nobility of character of the British soldier of to-day—an honor to his prototype, the original Tommy Atkins.

POETRY AND CONDUCT.

When every philosophy has been tested, when all policies have been heard and all speculations as to the destiny of man weighed one against another, it is bigotry alone that will

assert that it has the last word in any argument. No social faith is ever wholly proved, there is no god but will sooner or later be dethroned, no chart of life that we can know with cer-

tainty is truly drawn. This is not unhappily so. The imagination of man is so vast an instrument, and the world of experience upon which it may work so varied and so exhilarating, that a lifetime of untiring activity will enable us at best to realize but an odd stray here and there from the thronging life that is daily waiting to be shaped to our delight. The man who is continually refusing the witness of his own imagination and is crying for the assurance of authorities other than his own alert spirit is withered in the centre; he is spiritually dead. You may be sorry for him; his misfortune may be explained. Life may have dealt so hardly with him, his nature may be so little robust or may have been so ill-tended, that he cannot oppose calamity with the resources of his own resilient character and imagination. But compassion and a recognition of causes do not alter the fact that here is spiritual death—the most lamentable, as it is, perhaps, the commonest of all tragedies. It is a tragedy that permeates society, thriving even when there is no bitter burden of cruel experience to excuse or at least to explain it. Flourishing trades are built upon it. We all know the unfortunate people whose spiritual lethargy is so profound, who are so insensible to the calls of the innumerable adventures that are in every wind and bough and footstep, that they will pay sly palmists to tell them of a tomorrow that they may be sure will be duller than to-day. It is a tragedy that our newspapers exploit with a certain knowledge of profit. So general is the apathy in which we move that a placard promising us a sensation—it is the very word of common use—will sell a paper to three men out of four as they pass.

This pervading dullness of spirit is the gravest penalty that we pay for an overspecialized civilization. There are

so many things that, in the state which we have blindly chosen, have to be done by routine and example, that routine and example have become habits with us, creeping from what should be their lowly station of servility and warping the free functions of our imagination. That this should be so is tragic chiefly because it is a denial of our proudest right. If absolute knowledge is beyond our attainment, as it is, a continuity of vivid experience is not beyond our attainment, and such activity of experience is the fulfilment of the highest function of which man is capable. It is health; it is peace—the peace that passeth all understanding, that is, the peace that is greater than all understanding. Its full and perfect realization is, perhaps, impossible, but that it can be realized in some measure is the hope, indeed the certainty, that makes this perplexing and capricious life so greatly worth living. That this experience includes sorrow does not affect the question. It is the act of experiencing that matters, that exercises our nature in the only full and significant way. And out of this exercise, this alertness of our nature, which is in and for itself of supreme importance to us as individuals, comes a sure and single sense of justice, which is of equal importance to us as members of society. For all injustice, and injustice is the only social evil, or we may say that it covers all social evils, is born of spiritual lethargy. When a man's thought is alert, when his spirit is responsive to the beauty and awe of the world, he does not put his hand to the terrible evil of injustice.

For its direct value to us, then, as individuals, liberating as it does the highest force that is in us, and for its indirect influence upon our social integrity, this wealth of passionate experience is the thing that we must most desire. To destroy lethargy

of spirit, to shape all our daily meditation and intercourse and the fertile activity of the natural world into sharp and intimately realized forms in our own imagination, is the aim of every rightly disciplined mind. And in the accomplishment of this aim the poet is he who of all men can give us the surest help. Without inquiring too curiously whether the desire for this intensity of experience can in the beginning come from any external impulse, whether it must not at first make some unaided gesture, it is not questionable that once it has moved, however shyly, contact with fine poetry will of all things foster it into vigorous certainty and growth. For contact with fine poetry is precisely contact with most vital and personal experience conveyed to us in the most persuasive medium invented by man for habitual intercourse—pregnant and living words. Pregnant and living: for here is the secret of poetry. The use of words, in the common run of daily affairs, has become so much a matter of habit, so dependent upon the thousand small conventions by which we conduct the necessary or chosen routine of our lives, that it is devoid of any real significance. The common use of words is to convey from one man to another information, which is a thing quite distinct from experience, since we have trained ourselves to receive and impart a great deal of information daily out of mere custom and for the purpose of keeping pace with the exacting and often monstrous machinery that governs our society. If we could number the words passing to and from us in the course of a week that were really born of significant and urgent experience, we should have but a very small reckoning. And, not being born of this quick experience seeking to announce itself, the words are not pregnant and living, but dead. Most of the multitudes of words that

are current among us have no true significance at all. I do not say that they are not necessary, or that it would be possible for men to bear the pressure of constant interchange of words that had real significance, but the fact is, none the less, that words as we continually use them for the common purposes of daily traffic mean, in the more exacting sense, nothing. It is only when they are used to convey experience that they become quick and stir in us not a mere acceptance that is barely a mental action at all, but an energy of experience that corresponds to the energy that is their source. And it is of the necessity that such experience finds, when it is most profound, to state itself in perfectly selected and ordered words, that poetry comes into being. The precision and light that are the characteristics of fine poetry can be achieved by intense and individual experience and from no other source whatever. This is not to say that intensity and individuality of experience are in themselves enough to create poetry; the poet alone knows the diligence with which he must discipline his craftsmanship before he can serve his art worthily. But they are none the less the only sources of the material upon which he can hopefully direct his craftsmanship; it is from them alone that his words win their significance, and it is of them that his words speak to us, compelling in us an ecstasy which is exactly a response to that ecstasy of his own. And so it is that he, of all external influences, is the most potent in directing us to the realization of what should be our deepest desire, spiritual activity.

So do we trace the association, profound and of far greater importance than is ever realized in the government of the world, between poetry and conduct. The old question as to whether poetry—or any art—should proclaim a moral can occupy

none but dull and unimaginative minds. Poetry proclaims life; that is all, and it is everything. Didactic poetry does not necessarily fail. It generally does so, and because it generally comes not of conviction, not of that urgent experience, but of the lethargic acceptance of this or that doctrine or moral attitude that is not the poet's own delighted discovery, and so we respond to it with no more than lethargic acceptance on our side. It is always a question of the poet's sincerity and conviction. Our experience in receiving this poetry must correspond to his experience in creating it, and it is experience alone that we demand of it. What the nature of the experience is does not matter, but the experience itself must be thrilling with life. This question was raised aptly enough at a debate recently in one of our universities, when a motion was put that "the trend of modern drama is and should be sociological and not poetic." That is to say, what is poetical is not sociological. I can only see one possible way of reasoning whereby so queer a conclusion can have been reached. Sociology, it must have been argued, is a practical science, concerned directly with the practical conditions of our daily lives. And then, it must have been said, poetry is something which is not so concerned. And a convenient popular fallacy was ready to hand in support of the notion. For is not the poet a vague and ambitious visionary, creating in his fancy a pleasant world of retreat from the unfortunate difficulties of actual life? Does not poetry, therefore, bear the mark of its makers, being the fit concern only of people who are prepared to shut their eyes to the distressing phenomena which vex the routine of our busy days? Yes, yes—it is consoling enough at stray moments when the armor is off to indulge in this pleasant pilgrimage to

Lotus land, leaving the fret and burden of affairs, of the great problems of evolution, behind us. They are good fellows, these poets, in their way, giving us enchanting interludes of make-believe against the sterner business of life. But, remember, we are serious men and women in our normal hours, facing this great seething perplexity with stubborn wills to master it if we can, and we want our drama to be serious in its aim too, to become the powerful pulpit that it may be, pointing us shortly to answering these many questions that beset us, or, better still, answering them for us outright. The poets—yes, on dreamy afternoons when, tired and dusty from the momentous struggles that are our daily use, we snatch an hour's well-earned idleness; even, in strictly governed measure, and if it be not too difficult, as a diversion from the more important matter of our morning papers. But in the theatre? No, not for two hours and a half when we would settle our minds to grave and more responsible things.

This is, unhappily, no fantastic manipulating of a case. This fundamental misunderstanding of the nature of poetry is common enough in the world, as, if it would but see it, Europe to-day should realize. Our governors have not taken art, which is spiritual activity with its consequent clear-sighted moral judgment, seriously, and we and our governors are paying the sorry penalty. But let us think a little more of that curious proposition. What is the purpose of sociology? Is it anything more or less than the better regulation of society, which is the relationship of man to his fellows? That is what all your sociologists are striving for, unless they are lost in a mere maze of theories. We are gregarious cattle, and we do not very well know how to behave to each other at all times. Quite

simply, as I have already said, we are unjust to one another. The sociologist examines the phenomena of this injustice in the abstract, tabulates the results, underlines as far as may be the points at which reform may most hopefully make its attacks, and suggests the methods by which such reforms should work. Admirable: full of fine zeal, often even of heroism. And your sociological dramatist, yet more sensitive to the grievous manifestations of this injustice, defines them yet more clearly through the agency of imagined men and women. Yet more admirable, striking as it does more directly at the heart. But, when all is said, all these people—the people whose sociological inquiry and enthusiasm take the form of a definite exposure of particular social injustice—are but telling us what we know. And here is the centre of the matter. I do not say that it is not a good thing to tell us what we know. I do not say that if you tell us often and eloquently enough you will not sometimes shame us into sudden resolutions that may bear fruit in some actual reparation, but I do say that to tell us what we know is not at all the same or so big a thing as to make us order that knowledge in our minds with a clear moral judgment. If, for example, you take your industrial sweater, and ask him over his lunch whether he thinks it good to steal another man's labor and food and life itself, he will tell you—no. He knows it is evil, but he does not mind evil. And you may demonstrate as clearly and as persuasively as you will to him in propaganda or on the stage or from the pulpit that this sweating is evil, and you will only have told him what he knew, and still he will not mind evil. You have done nothing to rouse him from the lethargy of spirit which is the cause of his insensibility to the ugliness of the evil that he does.

This lethargy comes of too close a preoccupation with facts. To be a man of affairs—and we are all in some measure men of affairs—generally means a too constant absorption in facts for any concern with what is really important, the significance of facts. Again, the newspapers, those great criterions of popular temper, flatter, sagely enough, a characteristic which is so general. They will tell us that a wretched clerk has defrauded his employers of five pounds, and that he has been sent to prison for two years, knowing that the public is greedy for facts. But what are we told of the significance of these facts, of the surrounding circumstances, of the conflict of mind and the failure of character, of the hearts that must bear the punishment without having offended, of the wreckage of love, of the petty and odious tyrannies that have made trouble yet more difficult? Nothing; for we have no taste for these things, our spirits being inactive, not eager for experience. And our industrial sweater—a single practitioner in the evil of injustice of which we are none of us blameless, none of us being always and wholly free of this lethargy—living dully under this deadening pressure of facts, has not the spiritual wit to realize that the evil which he does is a terrible thing. He knows that it is evil, but he does not feel its terror. If, as I have said, you show him its terror very vividly and directly in your drama or otherwise, you may occasionally shock him into perception, but in nearly every case the shock will be merely temporary and effect no radical quickening of the spirit. And it is just such radical quickening of the spirit which is the only effective cure for injustice of all kinds, and, as we have seen, it is just this radical quickening of the spirit which is the highest function of poetry. The poet will commonly, in the in-

tensity of his vision, see beyond the facts of our immediate concern as sociologists into the great eternal assertion of which these are but local and ever mutable negations. He will—not necessarily, but commonly—sing humanity with all its natural sorrows and exultations, without emphasizing this or that particular folly which is only of particular application. And in doing this (let me here say that nothing is easier than for a man to deceive himself that he is doing this when he is doing no more than to repeat a bundle of hearsay generalities about which he has no real conviction whatever, and so to become that most troublesome and useless of all things—a pseudo-poet) the poet, whether we agree with what he has to say or not, quickens our imaginative perception. That is to say, he makes us alive. And, quite definitely, to be alive is to be moral. Injustice is the result of mental inertia; that is to say that unjust people, in so far as they are unjust, are spiritually dead people.

Remembering always that the chief distinction of poetry is that it enables men who are habitually responsive to its appeal to exult in the beauty and the heroic conflict of life, and that this other virtue, this conditioning of men's minds so that injustice becomes abhorrent, is but its secondary glory, this is the case for poetry as a sociological weapon and the most wholesome of all influences upon conduct; being the expression of the most intense spiritual activity to which man can attain, it, more than any other use of the common means of communication, words, begets spiritual activity in its hearers. And to combat the supreme evil of society, injustice, we need not be told that it is evil, which we know and yet persist in its practice, but to have our spiritual activity quickened, when we shall know that it is loathsome, and crush it.

Of the three principal elements of poetry as it leaves the poet a finished art, rhythm, diction, and the image, the one having the most immediate and widest appeal is rhythm with its emphasis, rhyme. Consequently, since the capacity for rhyme and simple rhythm is common, these are the qualities which are most frequently abused and in themselves mistaken for poetry when the finer spirit of poetry has left them untouched. Simple rhythms have been and are continually used by poets to contain the rarest poetic imagination, but in themselves they may be ordered by the most unpoetic minds to no better purpose than pointing reflections that have neither savor nor persuasion, and minds equally barren of imaginative fervor will give these jingles glad acceptance as shaping, a little more clearly than they have done for themselves, their own jaded moralities. And so it is that what passes for poetry is widely extolled as the most efficient of all guides to conduct by people who have in their hearts no tidings whatever of poetry and its functions. I have a little book which, although it belongs to an earlier generation, would, I am sure, find a large public to-day if its Victorian dress were re-modelled to our later modes. It is called *Learning to Converse*, and it has two splendidly instructive chapters on poetry. An impeccable uncle is teaching his nephew, Edmund, the art of polite conversation, and in a lucky thirteenth chapter he begins thus—

"I have not yet, Edmund, in teaching you to converse, said anything about poetry; and yet when introduced with judgment into conversation, a verse of poetry is oftentimes very effective. In prose, thoughts are frequently too much spread, while in poetry they are brought more to a point, and affect us more." Any doubt as to whether this child-like opening may not after all have

in it the roots of wisdom is answered when a moment later Edmund is further enlightened by examples—

"There is that in a rhyme that catches the attention and clings to the memory. Were I to say, 'Edmund, we must make hay while the sun shines—

Now's the time, and now's the hour,
By and by the sky may lour'—

you would see at once that the thing we had in hand was not to be neglected. And if I wanted to cheer your spirits on a dull day, hardly could I do it better than in crying out in a cheerful tone of voice—

'Never despair when the fog's in the air;

A sunshiny morning will come without warning.'"

"Oh," says Edmund with a very natural gaiety, "I should be in spirits directly."

"Again," continues his uncle under this deplorable encouragement, "you would be likely enough to be impressed with the uncertainty of life were one to say to you in conversation—

Whatever paths our feet may tread,
Our life is but a spider's thread,"

and his sagacity is confirmed by Edmund's delighted—"I think I should; and hardly could I forget the words." But the old gentleman's appetite grows by what it feeds on, and before long he reaches triumphant heights.

"You must remember," he says, "that the effect of poetry in conversation depends much on the judgment with which it is introduced. Sometimes it is necessary to give a reproof at the moment, and there are instances of this being done with much point and discretion. It is said that Dr. Byrom once reproved an officer for swearing, in the following words—

Soldier, so tender of thy prince's
fame,

Why make so free with a superior
name?

For thy king's sake the brunt of battle
bear,

But, for the King of kings' sake, never
swear."

"He would not be likely to forget them. They are very striking," says Edmund with commendable insight, and so the incorrigible old man goes his iniquitous way.

It all sounds very queer, doubtless. The trick of speech has changed. There is to-day nothing ingenious in the heavy Victorian formality to conceal the emasculation of mind and the absurdity of it all, which are patent enough as we read this little volume of misbegotten humor. As it is set down here the most guileless uncle of to-day would see that there was something amiss in the manner of instruction, and the most unsophisticated Edmund would be suspicious. But the sentiment has lost none of its power. We can very well imagine a popular novelist of to-day saying a good word for an equally popular rhymester something in this way—

The Duke put his hand on the boy's shoulder. Having no son of his own, his nephew was dearer to him than anything in the world, and he never tired in his affectionate admonitions. "Stick to your games, my boy," he would often say, "and always play the game. You must be a manly man. But don't be ashamed of your books. I read a little poetry myself, and often repeat the lines—

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,

Weep, and you weep alone,

For this sad old earth must borrow its
mirth,

But has sorrow enough of its own."

The boy's mind was already susceptible enough to respond vaguely to the beauty of sentiment in the poet's lines, of which his uncle kept a goodly store in his memory.

It need hardly be said that verse such as "Laugh and the world laughs with you," which makes its appeal by confirming, with an easy trick of rhythm and rhyme, the trite moral reflections:

with which the minds of its admirers are already well stocked, has no reference to or influence upon the spiritual activity of man. It is not, in any full sense, poetry. It has rhythm, but it has neither excellence of diction nor imaginative intensity. That is to say, the rhythmic impulse is used not to accentuate the imaging of some urgently perceived mood or idea in superbly chosen and ordered words, but merely to gratify a very common habit of mind, the unctuous parading of easy platitudes, by associating it with an equally common instinct—one which when expressed passes generally enough for poetry, but is in itself no more poetry than is a dictionary. Again, I will not say that those lines about "the sad old earth" have never been of any benefit to anybody. They may have been, just as, I suppose, somebody or another may have been saved from indiscretion by remembering that you should look before you leap, or that you cannot eat your cake and have it. These proverbial sayings, indeed, have a certain flavor if we can distinguish it from the thick dust of constant usage, but they do not work in the way which is poetry's, and still less do the devices of the didactic rhymester. They may sometimes regulate a man's discretion, but they can never penetrate to the roots of his spiritual being, quickening it with the provocative power that is art's alone. Born of and communicating urgent life; that is the nature of poetry, and it is mere futility to confuse it with the facile rhyming that comes from borrowed and half-realized emotion and impresses nothing but a dull inertia of acceptance. It matters not at all whether a poet's utterance controls an emotion that has no apparent strain of moral contemplation, as in—

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea,

or one that has so direct and obvious a significance as—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more; it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

In either case we are aware, unless we are fundamentally insensible to the challenge of poetry, of a strange and lovely imaginative ardor within us, responding eagerly to the energy from which the poet's word has sprung. And of such ardor, and of such alone, comes all sanity.

They have not been wanting voices to proclaim that in these terrible days such things as poetry have no proper place. It is new witness of the profound misunderstanding of art that is almost desperately prevalent. Never was the world so deeply, so critically in need of the persuasive influence of poetry as it is to-day. I am not here concerned with the poetry that has actually been produced by the war. There has already been some fine work done, more, perhaps, than might have been expected, and there has been a great deal of work done that is wholly negligible for any positive qualities, but curiously interesting as a sign of the times. The gigantic shock that has fallen upon Europe has startled great numbers of people from the lethargy of thought and feeling of which I have

spoken. The immediate results have been rather unpleasant than gracious. The people who, before last August, in normal times and under relatively simple conditions, had not one thought in their heads to rub against another, have suddenly been confronted by a situation about which they cannot escape from having some ideas, and with irresponsible arrogance they now assume, in conditions that are extraordinarily complex and difficult for every thinking mind, the right to direct and censure the conduct of their neighbors with the most impudent assurance. And so with the people, equally numerous, who before this catastrophe had no very defined feeling about anything. They, too, have suddenly been forced against a circumstance that makes complete absence of emotion no longer possible. And a great many of them have, unfortunately, hurried to relieve the emotion by translating it into verse without having any poetic equipment. There is not really in them a sudden access of full emotional life;

The British Review.

that is not a thing that waits for its being upon some violence of event. They have merely passed from lethargy to vague excitement, which is the habitual state of the ineffective rhymester. But, troublesome as are the first manifestations of this new activity, the activity is there. To think arrogantly is better than not to think at all, and to be excited is better than to be lethargic. It may safely be said that never in history has there been so vast a force of incipient spiritual activity to be influenced for good or evil as there is to-day, and it is the duty of every artist and every man and woman who cares for art and understands its meaning to labor at this moment with the most loyal determination to foster and establish the power which, springing from alert and supple and just activity in the spirits of its creators, would, if duly heeded, more surely than any other bring this stirring of the seed to a prosperous harvest.

John Drinkwater.

THE PRINCE.

"In my Father's House are many mansions."

India's "untouchables" is one of the popular subjects of the day, and one which is often alluded to with faint conception of all the thousand year-long cycles of tragedy implied, stretching away into the mists of time when the Aryan races enslaved the original owners of Hindostan.

The untouchable races are those who, since time was, have been forced to perform the filthy and the menial trades and occupations of Eastern society, debarred not indeed from the possible possession of worldly goods, but from any sort of social position or communion. Living as they do within

a world and a society of their own, they have grades and guilds and precedence unmolested, recognized as worthy by themselves alone, but cruelly beaten, maltreated, and even murdered at the least hint of any aspiration to social communion with the non outcaste races. Ministered to by some equally degraded priesthood, who, like the fallen angels, have lost their place in heaven, they live in a world unknown, and uncared. Who deems worth a thought what an untouchable thinks or cares about? So long as he scavenges the middens, and flays and dresses the skins of beasts diseased, or removes the carrion, or so long as his women-kind dance and pander to

classes one degree less outcast, so long may the untouchable be allowed to exist without ill-treatment.

But the East has some glimmering of shame for its age-old treatment of its conquered tribes. Shame, added to an ingrained habit of euphemy, has made the sweeper to be known by the title of "*mehtar*" or Prince. And it is euphemy and subconscious knowledge perhaps of wrong, and not irony that is responsible. To all the Eastern world the sweeper, ironically, if you like, spoken of by the English as "*Plantagenet*" the knight of the broom, is known as "Prince," and so be it, even as the water-carrier is known as *bihiste* of *bheestee*, the man of Paradise. The cry goes down the long railway platform that dances and shimmers in the noonday sun, or comes up from the crumpled dots on the desert battlefield—"Oh man of paradise!" "Oh man of paradise!"—the cry of Dives to Lazarus in Abraham's bosom; and yet the man of paradise, if not untouchable, is of a menial unclassed race, not far removed from his brother servant the Prince.

How the untouchable became untouchable is one of the mysteries of the East. Who were the tribes and clans whom force of arms drove down to unthinkable degradation no man can rightly tell, or perhaps none have deeply studied. Some day the march of freedom and intellect that, fight it never so strongly, the British rule is bringing, will produce an untouchable poet, and then perhaps we shall know something that they think who once were princes and rulers before time was. The astonishing spread of Christianity among the humbler folks in Southern India is going to work a spell of which no man can tell the end. Even is it possible that as the people of France turned on the *Ancien Régime*, so may the untouchables turn on those who have spurned them.

Be that as it may, this is a story of one untouchable, and how the stone that the builder rejected became in some sense the head of the corner, and how Buldoo, sweeper and knight of the broom, died for the glory of the British Empire and came to lie in "God's Acre," as our beautiful old English idiom has it.

Buldoo was a member of the lowest grade in the scales of the untouchables—a sweeper, a scavenger, who earned his bread by cleaning the middens of the English. Hard-working, deceitful, lying, faithful, childish, wayward, and cringing, hardly a human being, yet living in a world of his own, peopled by many other untouchables of a hierarchy peculiarly its own.

At the doorstep outside his master's dining-room stood at meal-time his tin pannikin, into which the contemptuous servant cast the unclean scraps from the English master's unclean scrapings, while Buldoo waited patient and inscrutable. Faultlessly would he sweep morning and evening the carriage-drive; conscientiously would he remove all lumber and litter, and ever under his arm the badge of office, the wire-bound besom of broom twigs that sets the acrid dust of the roadway whirling high.

Buldoo was a fine specimen of his kind, and ranked among the princes as something of a swaggerer, for he had grown a fine beard and curled it somewhat as the warrior castes might, so that it was pitiful to see him slink past a twice-born Hindu, fearing to incur some revenge at the hands of hired wielders of the quarter-staff for a touch unwittingly given. Once when a lad he had crossed a footbridge with a Brahmin on it, and had, that even, been beaten within an inch of his life for his presumption.

When war burst on the Empire whose drums follow the sun to its rest round the world, the spirit moved our

Prince that he too should go to the war, where gold and food are both the servants of the English. So to France went he like all the world—as a sweeper to His Majesty's Indian Forces, Follower number ninety and nine by the stamped tin disc round his neck. And he swept for the Army and France as he never swept before. The drive through the iron gates up to the old chateau where the staff he swept for were billeted, was thrice swept daily in concentric curves and circles, and when the general rode out to take the air Buldoo would be on duty with his besom to bow down low to the representative of power and majesty and dominion.

But intercourse with Europe had wrought some transformation in the *mehtar's* humble point of view. Under a crucifix at the cross-roads behind the chateau, a blind white beggar had whimpered for alms, and Buldoo, swayed by some weird influence, had given a half franc, and been thrice blessed therefor—the "prince" and the pauper, below the Crown of Thorns and the inscription I.N.R.I. The day before a British Atkins, beguiled by the bushy black beard and the clothes that hid the thirty-inch chest, had hailed him as—"one of them Sykes," and shared a cigarette packet. So it came about that when next day it was the turn of Buldoo's brigade to "go into the line," Buldoo insisted on leaving the chateau and coming to the brigade headquarters' dug-out in the third parallel behind the front trench, and keeping that dug-out thrice swept from cock-crow to sunset.

It was the second morning in the line that high explosive shell and shattering shrapnel followed on the blowing up of the advanced trench, and a jagged piece of shell tore a hole in Buldoo's thigh, he who had better business in the middens of Sirhind than with Krupp and Erhart. A motor

ambulance and a European orderly helped the shaken sweeper by way of a cross-channel steamer to the Indian hospital in peaceful England, and he found himself lying on a European bed between a Sikh and a Dogra, while an English *Memsahib* flitted about the room; so strange and so comfortable that Buldoo and his neighbors found it easier not to think. They were well enough handled, these alien men of the East, by the kindly folks around. "Such handsome gentlemen too," as the trim business lady at the hotel office hard by remarked—and among the handsome gentlemen was poor thirty-inch-chest Buldoo of the black beard, with a shell-torn thigh. But the damp English winter and want of stamina were too much for the sweeper, and one morning poor Buldoo was no more.

Nobody cared, at least no one of kindred hue. The nurse had thought him a poor patient body, and had always a kindly word; but no Eastern friend tended his last hours. Then, as the *babu* in the registrar's office remarked, was "pretty kettle of fish." The disposal of the Indians who died in hospital had been arranged for. The Hindoos were burnt by arrangement with a crematorium, and the followers of the Prophet were duly laid to rest in the Muhammadan burial-ground at Woking. But the *mehtars*, the knights of the broom, are not recognized by either community. Most sweepers, however, are burnt, but some must be buried, and Buldoo was one of the latter. That was clearly established by a sweeper on duty in the hospital. The Muhammadan authorities, however, flatly refused to admit the corpse to sepulture within their jurisdiction. The mortal remains of the "prince" were a difficulty. Then there came by an English vicar who heard the dilemma, and offered to bury the dead alien ally in Christian ground. And thus it was that a small cavalcade

wound its way towards the yew-trees and tombstones of an English churchyard. A small hand-bier, a khaki-clad orderly, and two sweepers of the hospital staff, and following wondering, the supervising Sister to whom the solitariness of the patient had appealed.

And thus it came about that Buldoo, sweeper and outcast, *Dum* of the village of Jokh Sayanwalla in the province of the Punjaub, was buried

Blackwood's Magazine.

in consecrated Christian ground in old England, hard by the crusaders' wall in the Church of St. Mary Within—a fit subject for those who moralize on the endings of man, and the time when the first shall be last and the last shall be first. Buldoo the *mehtar* had died for the English as much as Hari Singh, the Rajput of the tribes of the moon, and lies among the proudest of his masters till the day when the Lord of Hosts makes up His jewels.

G. F. MacMunn.

HUSBANDS AND SONS, BROTHERS AND FRIENDS.

At the beginning of the war it was proposed by a group of well-known Englishwomen that mourning should not be worn for those killed in battle. The motive was excellent—the spirit of the Roman mother who did not count lost a life given for the State. But the propriety of this minor symbolism has been swallowed up and forgotten in the reality of a civic valor at home which has become so conspicuous that it needs no deliberate professions. We must all have been astonished at the calmness and the beautiful resolution present in thousands of families which, without condemnation, might have appeared to the world shattered, and for the time being demobilized from effort. We have all of us seen fathers who have lost sons, wives and mothers who have lost husbands or sons, men who have lost brothers, going quietly and untheatrically about their business, even redoubling whatever service they render to the nation, and anxious only to send another son, another brother, because, though Death crouches at the door, they cannot do otherwise. If any man or woman has said that this is too much to ask—that a dishonorable peace is better than countless blasted homes—we have not heard of him or her. Bitter though the sacrifices be,

there is no questioning anywhere of the necessity of making them. Freedom, our country, self-respect, are to be saved, and no weight of human lives, however precious, can tilt the scale against that burden of indispensable possessions which have to be protected by death. Even wives who have lost their husbands, suffering that ultimate catastrophe with which no other bereavement and domestic derangement can compare, go straight on with what they are doing. They keep in touch with the regiment which honors the record of the dead, and serve it as though it could still yield the response and the longed-for tokens of affection which once came from a single person within it. It is fighting for the cause for which he fought, and it is enough.

The intense simplicity of all this devotion—for it is devotion in an unfamiliar but unmistakable form—proves both its strength and its sincerity. It is a paradox, but in a considerable sense it is true, that it is harder for men and women at home to lose their own than it is for soldiers to die. Here every one feels far away from action—helpless. There is no more strangling suspense and no more acute torture than that of the

onlooker who cannot raise a finger to intervene. The man at the front is busy and preoccupied; his activity crowds out the thoughts that distract and unnerve. Those who were in the Army in South Africa during the "Black Week" still cannot appreciate the reality of the misery and dismay at home when reverse was piled upon reverse. They were present at the defeats; they took the measure of them; they were braced by the thought that it was theirs to redeem misfortune—no feeling of helplessness for them; they were conscious of their youth and strength, and of the fact that time was on their side. If they were not exactly jolly, they were humorously placid; they played football while waiting for reinforcements, and never heard of any such thing as a "Black Week" till they learned the phrase from the newspapers.

That is the advantage which soldiers have over their friends at home. Their occupation in battle brings them an entirely new standard of emotions. Its operation is universal in armies, and it is a merciful dispensation. The sensitive soldier is surprised that the loss of friends at his side should not affect him more than it does. He flogs his feelings to ascertain whether they are really less responsive than before to pity and horror. He asks himself whether he has become callous. But of course he has not. His nerves are tautened to an unknown power of endurance—endurance of the spirit and endurance of the body. It is good and right that his capacity for suffering should be conditioned by the great fact of war. And in this war the mind of the soldier has become more composed than ever before. As the need for the sacrifice of himself is more instant, so is his resolve to have a heart for any fate deeper and calmer. In some wars he expected to come out unscathed unless he had bad

luck. In this war he does not and cannot count on the good luck that will bring him through. The agony of speculation is put away from him. It is settled in his mind that what must be must be. Countless letters from officers and men at the front prove the composure with which the worst is expected and accepted in advance. There is no more adding up and subtracting of probabilities; the cost is already and once for all counted; it will be paid and not thought excessive. We read in the *Manchester Guardian* details of the manner of one officer's death which was a type of thousands:—

"The widow also received from a Canadian soldier, who had evidently reached the trench after the supports had passed on, the dead man's watch and money and signet ring and pocket-book, and a little religious *Book of Days* which he carried folded down on the page of the day when his life had stopped. He had written a letter the night before to a fellow-officer saying that he was in for 'a big boost' at dawn. He had seen the plans and liked them, but he did not think that any of the officers would come through. He ended: 'But what is death, anyway?'"

Compare with this the notorious and morbid horror of death which afflicted even such a philosopher as Dr. Johnson. Boswell once related to Johnson that Hume had said that he was no more uneasy to think that he should not be after his life than that he *had not been* before he began to exist; and he also related that Foote when very ill had said that he was not afraid to die. Whereupon Johnson exclaimed: "It is not true, Sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." Boswell persisted in spite of Johnson's dislike of the subject, and asked whether men might not fortify their minds for the

approach of death. Then Johnson in a passion replied: "No, Sir, let it alone." Still Boswell persisted, and Johnson was so greatly provoked that he said: "Give us no more of this," showed an impatience that the faithful Boswell should leave him, and when Boswell did leave called after him sternly: "Don't let us meet to-morrow." On another occasion Johnson, on being asked whether the fear of death was natural to men, answered: "So much so, Sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." Different indeed is the temper of the soldier at the front! He hates that death should "bandage his eyes and bid him creep past." He asks rather that he may "bear the whole of it, fare like his peers, the heroes of old." He feels with Bacon. "He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent on somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death."

Some of the best poems which have been inspired by the war were written by soldiers who let their minds hover about the thought of death, and found that the "Arch-Fear" (in Browning's phrase) had ceased to be a ghastly spectre, but had a friendly face and shining raiment, and was the comrade and understander of youth. In that spirit Rupert Brooke wrote the fine sonnet which described the kind of spiritual extra-territoriality which would belong to a soldier buried in a foreign land. His grave would be a piece of England. We find the same thing again in the remarkably beautiful lines which were written by the late Captain Julian Grenfell and were published in the *Times*. Deep feeling and art—something of the art of Chaucerian simplicity—are joined in these lines. Like Brooke, Julian Grenfell did not make death seem preternaturally glorious by contrasting it

with hollow life and cruel Nature. He saw life full of companionship and Nature full of smiles and beauty. But these things supported and taught him. He wrote:—

"The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the
glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fulness after dearth.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight."

We are grateful for such a message as that from youth to youth. It is the answer which Matthew Arnold found to mental torment in the sights of a radiant night at sea:—

"From the intense, clear, star-sown
vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the
answer—
'Would'st thou be as these are?
Live as they.'"

But, after all, the most devouring war in the history of man will leave more than half of our soldiers untouched. Thousands are on duties which do not take them into the trenches; and the vast majority of those who are in the trenches will not be killed. Nearly all those who are wounded will not die. That is a fact for consolation. But an equally notable and glorious fact is that the soldier's mind is composed for anything, and that his calmness is matched by the passive valor of those nearest to him at home. He and they are fortunate in the belief that None

Dimittis is a sweet canticle "when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations."

The Spectator.

God bless and keep the noble hearts in the trenches, and God be thanked for the noble hearts at home!

A PEASANT-POET'S LOVE OF NATURE.

There is no more forlorn figure in English literature than that of John Clare, the peasant-poet of Northamptonshire. And perhaps no poet, not even Wordsworth, has evinced a truer love of nature, or painted with a more faithful touch the simple objects of the country-side. With most poets the allusions to birds and wild flowers are of a more or less general character; but with Clare there is no doubt as to the identity of his species; and from his poems, published and in manuscript, it is possible to gain a distinctly clear idea of the natural history of the neighborhood in which he lived.

A rapid sketch of the poor poet's pathetic life will be sufficient for our purpose. John Clare was born at Helpstone, a village midway between Peterborough and Stamford, in the year 1793. He was one of twins, and his parents were so miserably poor that they were in receipt of parish relief. Their home, we are told by his biographer, Martin, was "a narrow, wretched hut, more like a prison than a human dwelling; and the hut stood in a dark, gloomy plain, covered with stagnant pools of water, and overhung by mists during the greater part of the year." The food of the family consisted mainly of potatoes and water-gruel. At the age of seven, the stunted little boy was sent to mind sheep and geese on the common, where he learnt old songs and stories from Grannie Bains, the village cowherd. Here, amid the dreary swamps, he fancied he saw ghosts and goblins, and would often be noticed muttering to

himself, whereat the neighbors wondered, and thought he was demented. On one occasion he set out to walk as far as the sky that he might touch it.

Before he was twelve years old he went to work with his father in the fields, and managed to save up a few pence in order to attend the village night school. He quickly learnt to read, and found great delight in the Bible and *Robinson Crusoe*. But the sight of Thomson's "Seasons" awakened his poetical instinct, and he determined to possess a copy. Scraping together eighteenpence, he set forth for Stamford early one morning, and arrived before the shops were open. It was a fine spring day, and having made his purchase, he walked back through Burghley Park, where, sitting under a wall he scribbled down his first poem, which was afterwards to appear as "The Morning Walk." From this time he was continually writing verses on odd pieces of paper, which he would stuff in a hole in the wall, and which, we are told, his mother would take to hold the kettle with, or to light the fire.

As he grew up he tried various employments, but with little success. For a time he was stable-boy at the village inn; then he became an under-gardener at Burghley Park, where he fell into bad company and learnt to drink; then he enlisted in a militia regiment, which, however, was shortly afterwards disbanded. He then joined a company of gipsies; and later on we find him working at a lime kiln at a few shillings a week. After one or two

luckless love affairs, he married at the age of twenty-six, and took his wife to live with his parents in their miserable hovel on the common. All this time, however, he had been writing verses, and in the year of his marriage he was enabled, through the kindness of friends, to publish his first volume of poems. It was entitled "Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant." The little volume met with immediate success. It was praised in the *Quarterly* and other reviews; some of the poems were recited by Madame Vestris at Covent Garden; and Rossini set one of them to music. Clare spent a short time in London, where he was graciously received by many distinguished people. A subscription, moreover, was raised for his benefit, and an annuity of £45 a year was bestowed upon him. On this income, we are told, "Clare thought he could live without working. By day he wandered in the open air, or sat writing in the hollow of an old oak; at night he sat in the inn-parlor and received his admirers." In the following year he brought out another book, but the novelty had worn off, and the volume met with little success; while another collection of poems, published in 1827, was almost unnoticed. From this time Clare sank deeper and deeper into poverty and misfortune. He tried to sell his books by hawking them round the countryside, but with very little result. He fell into a wretched state of health, due in a great measure to privation, and debts began to accumulate. Again and again friends tried to help him. In 1832, Lord Fitzwilliam gave him a new cottage at Northborough, three miles from Helpstone; but it almost broke his heart to leave the old hovel on the heath. "I've left my old home of homes," he cried in one of the most pathetic of his poems,

"The very crow
Croaked music in my native fields."
He became strange in manner, was continually muttering to himself, and would not go out. A seventh child was born to him that winter, and Clare, we are told, wept when he saw it. Symptoms of mental disease grew more pronounced; he spoke of himself in the third person; and failed to recognize his wife and children. At length, when on a visit to the Bishop at Peterborough, he broke out into such violent excitement, that it became necessary to place him under restraint. In July, 1837—he was just forty-four years of age—he was sent to a private asylum in Essex. Here he was kindly treated, and allowed to ramble in the country around. At length, however, under the impression that one of his old sweethearts was waiting for him, he escaped from the asylum, and made his way back to Northborough on foot. Shortly afterwards he was removed to the County Lunatic Asylum at Northampton, and there he remained until his death, twenty-two years later, at the age of seventy-one.

Such, in rapid outline, is the sad story of poor Clare's life. In appearance, he is said to have been under five feet in height, "with keen, eager eyes, high forehead, long hair falling down in wild and almost grotesque fashion over his shoulders." Always restless and sensitive in an abnormal degree, he could not bear, says Mr. Arthur Symonds, in an excellent Introduction to a selection of Clare's poems, that "anything he had once known should be changed." The stubbing up of a hedgerow, the draining of his beloved common, the cutting down of a tree, was pain and grief to him. He writes, for instance, to tell his publisher that the landlord is going to cut down two elm trees at the back of his hut, and he says, "I have been several mornings to bid them farewell." He

kept his reason, writes Mr. Symons, "as long as he was left to starve and suffer in that hut, and when he was taken from it, though to a better dwelling, he lost all hold on himself. What that transplanting did for him is enough to show how native to him was his own soil, and how his songs grew out of it."

The titles of Clare's various collections of poems sufficiently indicate the nature of their contents. The first volume, as we have seen, was called *Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*; this was followed by *The Village Minstrel* and *The Shepherd's Calendar*, while the last collection published in his lifetime, two years before his final breakdown, was entitled *The Rural Muse*. All these poems have more or less association with the country around Helpstone. Indeed, it was the only neighborhood with which, owing to his poverty, our peasant-poet was acquainted. And the scenery cannot be regarded as romantic. But Clare found inspiration in scenes which no other lover of nature has thought of celebrating. With a power of observation equal to that of Richard Jefferies, he sings the praises of his native parish—its "lonely wilds," its "rushy spreading greens," its "weed-beds wild and rank," its "gloomy hanging wood," its "glad neglected pastures." After he had moved to Northborough, only three miles distant, his heart was at Helpstone:—

"For everything I felt a love,
The weeds below, the birds above;
And weeds that bloomed in summer's hours
I thought they should be reckoned
flowers."

In his poem on "Solitude," Clare tells us how he loved to leave the haunts of men for the calmer companionship of the humbler creation. He liked to wander in untrodden ways,

"Where the mole unwearied still
Roots up many a crumbling hill;
And the little chumbling mouse
Gnaws the dead weed for her house."
He seems to have had a special liking for the mole, or "mouldiwarp" as he sometimes calls it. He could not bear that it should be trapped. It makes him sigh when he sees—

"The little mouldiwarp hang sweeting
to the wind,
On the only aged willow that in all the
field remains."

Of an evening he liked to lean over a gate, and to listen to the shrill squeaking of the flittermouse, or bat, as, "in hood and cowl," it circled around, or the buzzing of the "heedless beetle"; while "deep in the forest the dog-badger howls." Nor do other creatures pass unnoticed; the "startled frog," the "haunted hare," the hedgehog, the "trapping spiders," "the glow-worm burnishing its lamp anew," the "bees stroking their little legs across their wings,"

"The slowly-pacing snails,
Betraying their meandering creep
In silver-slimy trails."

Clare was a clearly keen observer of birds, and the commoner species, as well as the rarer ones, come in for sympathetic notice. The flight of the green woodpecker is well described as "airy ups and downs." The "hoarse jay screams" when suddenly disturbed. "A hermit moor-hen's sedgy nest" is one of the attractions of the swampy heath on which his "old home of homes" stood. In winter-time the heath is the haunt of many an interesting bird. The "bouncing woodcock" will start up from the quaking quagmire; field-fares will be "chattering" on the thorn-tree; and a heron will slowly rise from the lonely pool, and "flap his melancholy wings." On the skirts of the common a company of long-tailed tits will be seen, or, as Clare puts it:—

"Coy bumarrels twenty in a drove
 Flit down the hedgerows."
 Owls, not unnaturally, specially appealed to him: just before sun-setting he would be on the look-out for them, when "beating the hedges, low flies the barn-owl." Sometimes Clare mentions birds which are no longer to be found in Northamptonshire. The hoarse raven croaking on its nesting-tree is a sound that will be listened for in vain. The "blue hawk," or hen-harrier, has probably ceased to breed in the county. The kite or puddock undoubtedly has. In Clare's time this fine bird seems to have been a familiar sight in the neighborhood of Helpstone. He mentions "the sailing puddock's shrill 'peelew'" in Royce Wood, close to his old home. The bird's well-known habit of harrying young chickens is several times alluded to. He speaks of "the idle puddock" "watching young chickens by each cottage pen," of "the flickering chicks scuttling beneath the old hen's wings" when the kite appears; of young ducks and goslings "falling prizes to the swooping kite." The red fork-tailed kite is now extinct in England, though it still breeds in certain parts of Wales; but at the beginning of the last century it was generally distributed throughout the country. I well remember, some forty years ago, when lunching at a farmhouse in Essex, how my hostess presented me with a kite's feather, saying that when she was young the bird was common about Hempstead, and mentioning the havoc it wrought in the poultry-yard. She still preserved, she said, a few feathers in memory of those far-off days.

But much as Clare cared for birds and beasts, he cared for flowers more. In preparing a *Flora of Northamptonshire*, the distinguished botanist, Mr. G. Claridge Druce, of Oxford, has found the allusions to plants in Clare's poems of distinct scientific in-

terest. No fewer than a hundred and twenty species are referred to, and of these over forty are chronicled as Northamptonshire plants for the first time. Not only was our poor poet a most accurate observer, but he possessed a good knowledge of English plants. In one of his poems he alludes, for instance, to the White Horehound as growing on Cowper's Green. This is a very rare plant in Northamptonshire, and, not unnaturally, Mr. Druce thought that perhaps the common Black Horehound was intended. But, no; Clare was right: the White Horehound was found in flower on the exact spot where the poet had seen it at the beginning of the last century.

While not disdaining garden-plants, Clare cared far more for the wild species. He has, however, one passage in which he celebrates the old-fashioned cottage garden. It occurs in one of his early poems, where he is lamenting the disappearance of an old hovel on the heath:—

"The very house she liv'd in, stick and stone,
 Since Goody died, has tumbled down and gone:
 And where the marjoram once, and sage, and rue,
 And balm, and mint, with curl'd-leaf parsley grew,
 And double marygolds, and silver thyme,
 And pumpkins 'neath the window us'd to climb;
 And lady's laces, everlasting peas,
 True-love-lies-bleeding, with the hearts-at-ease,
 And golden-rods, and tansy running high,

Where these all grew, now henbane stinks and spreads,
 And docks and thistles shake their seedy heads."

His more general attitude is, however, found in the lines:—

"Some may praise the grass-plat
whims,
Which the gard'ner weekly trims;
But give me to ponder still
Nature, when she blooms at will."
And in these:—

"I love the weeds along the fen,
More sweet than garden flowers."
He could not bear that the "poor,
persecuted weeds" should be destroyed.
"E'en this little shepherd's-purse
Grieves me to cut it up."

As soon as the February sun began
to warm the earth, John Clare would
be on the look-out for "the sweet
omens of returning spring"—the first
sprouts on the elder-bushes, and the
glossy arum leaves peeping forth in
some sheltered corner. He would, he
tells us, be—

"O'erjoy'd to see the flowers that
truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning
spring."

Early in May "the drooping daffodil"
is lending glory to the Lent Lily copse,
while—

"On the wood's warm sunny side
Primrose blooms in all its pride;
Violets carpet all thy bowers;
And anemone's weeping flowers."

Then, in June, came the time to "hunt
the orchis tribes," and Clare celebrates
both the Bee and the very rare Spider
orchis as growing in the neighborhood
of Helpstone. During the hot summer
months what he calls "the flowers of
waste" would be in blossom on
Cowper's Green, the wild woad, and
"medicinal betony" and "antique mul-
lein with its flannel-leaves," and the
ploughman's spikenard, and "the hore-
hound tufts he loved so well." But to
our forlorn, melancholy poet there was
about the decay of autumn a charm
more sweet than that of "summer in
her loveliest hours." Many are his
poems to autumn, and to the falling
leaves. He loved the russet hue of
the bare fields, and "the tints of leaves
and blossoms ere they fall," and the

music of the winds in the fading
woods, while "autumn's ragwort yel-
lows o'er the lea."

The plant allusions to be found in
Clare's poems are further of interest
in revealing many of the popular
names of wildflowers among the peas-
antry of Northamptonshire at the be-
ginning of the last century. The
water-buttercup, or crowfoot, so com-
mon in our streams, Clare calls
"water-blobs"; and the marsh-mar-
gold the "yellow horse-blob." The
scarlet poppies of our fields were, we
learn, "call'd 'Headache' from their
sickly smell." To the bright yellow
lotus, or bird's-foot-trefoil, abundant
on banks and by the wayside, he gives
the picturesque name of "the little
lamb-toe." The beautiful blue corn-
flower of our corn-fields he calls "blue-
caps, so divinely blue." The well-
known "cross" between the primrose
and the cowslip, popularly known as
oxlip, is christened by the striking
name of "bedlam-cowslip." The com-
mon quaking-grass of our pastures is
called "totter-grass." Several of Clare's
plant-names present some difficulty. In
lamenting his old home at Helpstone,
he mentions "beesom, ling, and
teasels" as growing on the common.
"Beesom" seems to have been a local
name for the yellow gorse or furze.
Several times we meet the word
"kecks," and once "kecksies." These
names probably refer, in a more or less
general manner, to those umbelliferous
plants which have hollow stems, and
from which the village boys were wont
to make whistles. Thus, we read:—
"Though trumpet kecks are pass'd un-
heeded by,

Whose hollow stalks inspired such
eager joy."

But what plants are meant by the
words "ironweed" and "finweed," it is
not easy to determine. Mr. Druce,
however, would identify "the iron-
weed's purple bloom" with the common

knotgrass of the roadside; and the "blushing fin-weed's flowers" with the handsome rose-colored blossoms of the rest-harrow. There is a peculiar interest attaching to two of Clare's plant-names, inasmuch as they both occur in Shakespeare, where they appear to be used for different species. I refer to the names "long-purples" and "cuckoo-flowers." Long-purples, it will be remembered, formed part of Ophelia's nosegay, in Scene vii. of Act IV. of *Hamlet*, where the Queen cries:—

"There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies and
 long-purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser
 name,
But our cold maids do dead-men's
 fingers call them."

There can be no doubt that by "long-purples" Shakespeare here means the purple-flowered meadow-orchis. There can equally be no doubt that by "long-purples" Clare means the purple loosestrife (*Lythrum salicaria*), which flourishes on the banks of rivers, and in swampy places. The passage occurs in a poem called "The Cross Roads," and runs as follows:—

"And gay long-purples, with its tufty
 spike,
She'd wade o'er shoes to reach it in
 the dyke."

With regard to "cuckoo-flowers," it is doubtful to what plant Shakespeare is referring. The name is usually given to the meadow-cress or lady's-smocks (*Cardamine pratensis*), which, as old Gerard says, "floures for the most part in Aprill and May, when the Cuckow begins to sing her pleasant notes without stammering." This, however, cannot be Shakespeare's plant, for he speaks of "cuckoo-buds of yellow hue, which paint the meadows with delight"; and the flowers of the lady's-smock are of a pale lilac color.

It is probable that our great poet was referring to the meadow-buttercup. With Clare, however, it is clear that the "cuckoo-flower" is a member of the orchis tribe. Several times in his poems he mentions it, in terms which leave little room for uncertainty. He speaks of the "gaping cuckoo-flowers with spotted leaves," of the "speckled cuckoo-flowers," of the "cuckoos with freckled lip and hooked nose," of "the pouch-lipped cuckoo-bud." These descriptions can only refer to one of the orchids—the early orchis or the spotted orchis.

It will be evident from what has been said that such happiness as poor Clare found in life, he found in silent communion with Nature. "O Solitude," he had once cried, "I love thee well;

"Peace and silence sit with thee,
And peace alone is heaven to me."

And years afterwards, when an inmate of Northampton Asylum, he wrote the following lines:—

"I long for scenes where man has
 never trod;
A place where woman never smil'd or
 wept;
There to abide with my creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly
 slept:
Untroubling and untroubled where I
 lie,
The grass below—above, the vaulted
 sky."

His longing was at length gratified. For over twenty years he languished in captivity. "Neither wife nor children," says Mr. Symons, "ever came to see him, except the youngest son, who came once. He sat most of the time in a recess of one of the windows, looking out over the garden and the town, and would sometimes sit under the porch of All Saints' Church, watching the children play, and looking up into the sky. When he could no longer walk, he was wheeled into the

garden, and before he died he crept once or twice to the window, to look out. He died on May 20th, 1864, and was buried under a sycamore tree in

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Helpstone churchyard, as he had wished to be:—
 'The grass below;—above the vaulted sky.'

John Vaughan.

THE STRENGTH OF A COALITION.

Ten months ago the logic of events told our electorate, as it told the French, that a mere party truce could not turn a Cabinet of party politicians into a National Government fit to encounter the vicissitudes of a tremendous war. The French understood this truth, and, by forming a thorough Coalition, they gave to their statesmanship a central nervous system which resolved at once into harmony their scattered and flurried movements. It was evident to them, happily, that a party truce was hateful, because it could mean no more than a temporary suspension of political feud, and their country needed everyone's heart and mind and life. In England, on the other hand, the word truce was hailed with rejoicing. Rival politicians were satisfied with neutrality in a time of incalculable danger. And the electorate also welcomed a mere truce as a fortunate compromise which ought to save the nation without imperilling the party system. All would be well, though a vast amount of organizing brain-power was not to be employed by a threatened State whose military defence was at sixes and sevens.

It is very difficult to wind Englishmen up to the level of a great emergency. Their delight in muddled compromise belongs to their profound distrust of general principles. For a long time it has been recognized as an inveterate national habit; and it will explain to historians why the party truce met with no discussion in the House of Commons. It was born of good words, but was far from being

the result of general principles accepted by all parties and their subdivisions. Ardent Unionists promised to aid the Government, but they knew not precisely how it was to be done; and Radicals promised to represent the nation, though they had received no guidance in this duty from a frank and fearless debate with the Unionists. From the first, then, both the men in office and the neutralized Opposition were handicapped by their truce, because their good intentions were unsupported by a plan of campaign.

To condemn Unionists to inaction, while giving a free hand to their opponents of yesterday, was exceedingly unwise; it encouraged egotism among the rank and file of Radicalism, and this danger in its turn encouraged discontent among Unionist electors. The Government passed from one weak compromise to another, not because its members feared to be thorough in organization, but because they feared overmuch an incalculable public. Old habits cannot be changed from day to day, and the main principle that governs a nation during a time of great peril is one that undisciplined countries never like. It demands from those who desire to rule, as from those who are willing to be ruled, a complete surrender of all self-interest and of all whims and prejudices. Each for All, All for Each, and All for the State: such is the principle of national safety when "the high roads are broken up and the waters out"; when men and women in order to protect themselves and their children must

save the State from destruction.

It is this principle that a genuine Coalition adopts for its guidance, claiming and taking from every unit, man and woman, a thorough self-sacrifice. At last, after ten months of war, we possess a Coalition, a very potent one in governing experience and enthusiasm. Its defects have been criticized in every home, but criticism now has ceased to be an act of patriotism, because a Coalition includes the whole nation,¹ and there must be no disunion between those who rule and those who are ruled. Already this fact is forgotten in many quarters, and we wish to pass in review several criticisms that threaten our War Ministry.

The first one is an unreasonable belief that because political coalitions have not been fortunate in the British Isles, therefore the present one is sure to fail. But the old coalitions were unfortunate, not because all rival parties in the State had united in loyal service to the common weal, but because their union was incomplete—a mere forerunner of a divorce. Besides, to dwell on old failures is to find excuses for a repetition of old follies; and another point worth noting is the fact that every business company ruled by a Board for its shareholders is a coalition. Modern finance becomes ever more and more a wondrous and relentless conflict between rival interests federated into coalitions. Why should this orchestration fall now in politics when it succeeds usually in vast mercantile undertakings?

Yet there are many Liberals who say that a political coalition ought to fail in our country because it runs counter to the national character. They regard it as a very unpalatable medicine that the British stomach cannot di-

gest. Why Liberals should hold this opinion we do not know, for their last Government was a coalition. If any persons in the State should detest political coalitions it is the Unionists; yet it is they who have responded most alertly to Mr. Asquith's call.

It is worth while to study the note of discord in certain remarks on our War Ministry. The "Daily News" complains that "the country is still in the dark as to why it should be given a Coalition Government," meaning an addition of Unionists to the earlier coalition; but "the new blood may well bring with it greater decision, stronger will power, sterner courage, moral qualities of the highest value in a crisis like this." In other words, the country is *not* in the dark as to what it needs from a genuine National Government. Many grave mistakes were made by the Liberal Coalition, and they brought its policy of compromise to ruin. Perils at home multiplied the perils abroad. Let us hope, then, that the "Daily News" and its readers will be prepared to accept a thorough policy of energetic organization. For ten months half-measures have been tested patiently, and complete measures alone will be of use to-day. No doubt they will press hard on those who have made a fetish of voluntary effort, but no personal inconvenience in the life of stay-at-homes can equal the self-control that a soldier needs every moment at the Front. If the very advanced Liberals remember this fact, they will bear with patience the stern discipline that our national safety claims with the utmost urgency.

For the rest, it may be true that our Coalition is a brave adventure; but those who fear it most would fear a Dictatorship much more, and a Dictatorship is sure to come if the Coalition fails. There is no other choice now in the discipline of government. Readers of Carlyle imagine that a Cromwell

¹ A very important point noted by Lord Lansdowne, who says: "This invitation has come to us nominally from His Majesty's Government. In our view it seems to come rather from the country than from the Government. Having this feeling, we have thought it our duty to accept it."

would be preferable, but Carlyle himself was not in earnest on this point; he and Cromwell were nothing more than literary friends; in real life they would have been fiercely antagonistic. And the people of England tired of Cromwell, and in their reaction they acquired that hatred for a standing army which has not yet passed away, though on several occasions it has brought the country very near to a downfall. A dictatorship at the present time would produce a similar reaction against training and discipline, whereas our Coalition ought to get from everyone's patriotism the duty that the State requires, since it includes the whole electorate, unlike a party Cabinet. Its one aim is to end the war in the shortest possible time; hence it should appeal most strongly to the pacifists, notwithstanding their

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dislike of ordered effort in defence. To accept with good will a strenuous obligation is the self-sacrifice that pacifists must make after many years of self-indulgence.

The Coalition cannot fall if all parties concerned in it—the governed and their rulers—are just and fair to one another; then they will be just and fair both to the troops at the Front and to women at home. Of the women we have thought too little. No thought was given to them before the war; and in recent months, many times, they have been overtaxed by dilatory official methods and by unjust recruiting. Their self-sacrifice asks for neither medals nor orders; it wears mourning as the badge of its perfect patriotism; and this example of thorough devotion is certainly the best one that our new War Ministry can follow and equal.

JONES—SUPER-PATRIOT.

Jones (I'm very sorry, but his name is really Jones) is a true patriot, every inch of him; but unfortunately he hasn't many inches. Nevertheless, the War wasn't a week old before Jones placed all sixty-one of them at the disposal of the nation. And they threw him out because sixty-one was not enough. Later, when the official altitude-scale was reduced, he offered them again; but on this occasion they threw him out because his teeth came from Welbeck Street. And when subsequently the War Office decided that false teeth were not necessarily a barrier to a military career; were, in fact, a valuable asset in connection with bully-beef, they threw him out because he saw nineteen spots on a card that only possessed seven. And then, when the authorities at last came to look upon *pince-nez* with a more benignant eye, they threw him out be-

cause, while they had been busy rejecting him for paucity of inches, falsity of teeth, and debility of eyes, Jones had passed the age-limit; and when he wanted to argue the point with the Recruiting Officer they threw him out once more for luck.

Then he tried for the Special Constabulary, and the first night he was on duty he contracted pneumonia, bronchitis, influenza and laryngitis. And they threw him out of that because they wanted Special Constables and not collectors of germs.

When he got better—and his convalescence was a long business notwithstanding that his sentences ran concurrently—he applied to join the A.A.C. and would have got in if the Medical Officer had not wrung him up on the stethoscope in order to hear his wheels go round. As it was, the M.O. informed Jones that he couldn't pass.

him in to the A.A.C.; but if he was really anxious to "serve" he might try and get taken on at an A.B.C.; and it finally took a retired Rear-Admiral, a Chief Petty Officer, a Sergeant of Marines and an Elder Brother of Trinity House to throw him out on that occasion.

Disappointed but undaunted Jones next attempted to qualify as a stretcher-bearer in the Home Service Branch of the Red Cross. There, at any rate, they didn't seem so particular whether his lungs squeaked or not. But even they threw him out when they found that Jones's end of the stretcher was always six inches nearer to the ground than the opposite end.

In desperation he tried to join his local Defence Corps, but they wouldn't have him there because, they said, he completely spoilt the look of their parade. And when Jones expostulated, and urged that the question of appearance was a matter of individual taste, and that for his part he would be ashamed to be found dead wearing a face like that of the Commander of Punch.

X Company, they fell upon him with eager hands and drill-toughened feet, and threw him out yet once again.

Then, having done his best, Jones went back to his business. A few days ago I met him and he related the foregoing experiences to me. "But I've found a way to help," he concluded, "and it's a help which they can't refuse however over-aged, undersized, weak-eyed and false-toothed I may be."

"Taking a course of elementary surgery at one of the hospitals?" I asked.

"No."

"Making recruiting speeches?"

"No."

"Putting in overtime and Sundays at the Arsenal?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Something I've never done before," said Jones, a little shamefacedly. "I—I—I'm returning my Income Tax Form to the Assessors with the correct amount of my Income filled in."

Other patriots please copy.

GERMANY'S SHUFFLING REPLY.

Many in this country are wondering, as a still greater number in the United States must be wondering, what purpose Germany intends to serve by her continual provocation of the American Government and people. The Washington Administration has displayed an exemplary degree of calmness and patience, which it would be difficult to parallel in its past history, towards sustained aggressiveness excused or defended by cynical, almost contemptuous, quibbling, which makes no pretence at argument. Repeated and increasing grounds of complaint against piracy are carelessly brushed aside by Teutonic diplomacy; the *Gulflight*, *Cushing*, *Falaba*, and *Lusi-*

tania outrages are treated as negligible mishaps, and while the *Dixiana* is being torpedoed an impudent farrago of irrelevant disquisitions is actually in course of presentation to the United States Cabinet. It can scarcely be imagined by the most case-hardened exponents of mail-fist methods that a first-class Power can be either terrorized by the sheer effrontery of persistent insults or betrayed into acquiescence by such shallow pleading as Germany thinks fit to adopt. But there must be some conception of means and ends in the German war-direction, and at least some weighing-up of acts against their cost. What motives, then, can have induced Ger-

many to behave with absolute recklessness towards the United States, not more pointedly by her attacks on American ships and nationals than by the cool indifference to American opinion manifested in her impertinent answers when called to account for them? In arriving at a conclusion the guiding thread must be the immediate necessities forced upon Germany by the military situation. Germany, risking everything on the present encounter, cannot stop to consider what effect her attitude towards America may have on the political and commercial relations between the two countries five or ten years hence; "in the luckiest event," as the Hamburg lottery circulars used to phrase it, she calculates that the other party will not dare to be too unfriendly. What matters solely for her now is to employ all her resources, submarines included, so as to achieve that desired event. This seems to rule out the interesting speculation that, failing any more congenial result, she is prepared to arouse such an overwhelming mass of hostility against herself and her unfortunate partners as to admit of her seeking terms with honor, in which terms President Wilson's Government might be expected to exercise an alleviating and, to put it frankly, a non-European influence. It would be idle to attempt to prophesy what may be the outcome of the next few months, but as yet there are no signs that Germany has abandoned all hope of victory; so far from challenging hopeless odds to grace a dignified retreat, she recently bullied Austria into offering humiliating terms to keep Italy out of the struggle; and, in any case, she is perfectly well aware that the intervention of every Power between the Canadian border and Cape Horn would not restrain the hounds of Europe from the final worry.

We have never departed from the

view that while the supreme decision for peace or war rests entirely with the free judgment of the United States Executive and people, their entry into the field might be attended with important disadvantages for the Allied cause. Probably the supplies of munitions which American firms are quite justified in selling to us, and which we are in a position through our Fleet to secure, would be seriously interrupted, owing to the home Government's right of pre-emption. The ambassadorial and consular services daily performed for the Allies by American representatives in the hostile countries would come to an end, and there is good reason for thinking that their watchfulness curbs the excesses to which the hapless militants and civilians in German hands are exposed. The great work of relief which America is carrying on in the devastated provinces of Belgium, a work which no other nation possesses either the wealth or the authority to undertake, would be suspended. It would, however, be a profound mistake to believe that the United States will not go to war under any stress of irritation, or that the forces of civilization would not be materially strengthened in certain directions if the millions of American manhood and the American Navy were completely available to help in prosecuting the campaign. Now it is extremely likely, from what we know of Teutonic insight and the half-truths of which it lays hold, that Germany is dominated by both these ideas, and that in her elementary but very definite analysis a nation which will not fight and which cannot fight is not worth troubling about. Germany has made several equally gross errors of comprehension before and since the war began. But her conduct towards the States, if we bear in mind her military necessities, may be traced to something more positive than

neglected risks. Whether or not the American Government objects to its merchant ships being sent to the bottom and its citizens murdered, the war policy of Germany must go on. The submarine raids or, as they may be called more truthfully, patrols have a twofold object. They are meant to scare neutrals from sending us supplies of war material and food, to push up freights so that the cost of living may be raised, and to check our large coastwise traffic. This movement the authorities are bound to combat with much greater resolution, not only in waging constant war upon enemy submarines, but in defeating their purpose by ensuring more abundant supplies and keeping the price of necessities, home-produced as well as imported, at the lowest possible level. The second object of submarine activities is to bolster up the fiction, widely advertised and still implicitly credited in Germany, that Britain is cut off from the rest of the world, hemmed in by a ring of steel and so forth, and that scarcity, if it has not yet cowed the white-livered English, will so increase as to stir us to rebellion and quicken our desire for any sort of a peace. It may not be conceivable to our amateur strategists, but a methodical German War Staff devotes some share of its attention to studying with more or less success the temperament and bearing of the civil population in both countries.

Despite the stringent terms of President Wilson's Note, to which Germany has at length replied, submarine warfare may be expected to continue; and a prolonged interchange of diplomatic communications, in which Germany would willingly engage, will not stop it. It is apparent from the evasive character of her reply that she relies on the first heat of indignation dying down as time passes, and hopes that by starting a discussion on secondary legal and ethical questions the memory of over a hundred American lives ruthlessly cut off will merge in a tendency to blame the war and all parties to it. Captain Persius exposes this forecast with uncommon frankness, but it is unthinkable that it should prove true. The President has pledged the honor of the United States to hold Germany strictly accountable, and we may be sure that the enforcement of accountability does not mean for Dr. Wilson keeping a faithful tally of insults to the flag, torpedoed ships, and murdered citizens, and presenting a bill for heavy damages to be collected by other Powers; further than that we need not speculate on his line of action, which is not so limited as is usually supposed. What concerns us more nearly is the bankruptcy of conscience revealed in Germany's lying subterfuges and her despairing adherence to a form of warfare which is both criminal and ineffective. Germany, rulers and people alike, is dead to moral responsibility, and does not care who knows it.

that the submarining of merchantmen should stop. The Germans attach importance to their submarine campaign, and probably do not intend under any circumstances to stop it. At the same

PRESIDENT WILSON'S REAL DIFFICULTY.

The German reply to President Wilson's Note about the *Lusitania* outrage was the reply of a Government in a very difficult situation. Mr. Wilson had asked for a specific undertaking

that the submarining of merchantmen should stop. The Germans attach importance to their submarine campaign, and probably do not intend under any circumstances to stop it. At the same

time they have many reasons for not quarrelling abruptly with the United States.

What struck the English reader of the Note were the points addressed to the American Government, the suggestions and allegations made solely to gain time; but these are not, in a sense, its most material features. It is to the American voter that Germany directs her main appeal, addressing him with scant regard for formal proprieties over his Government's head. Her diplomacy and her enormous Press propaganda work together to instil two broad ideas into the American mind. These are: (1) that Great Britain took the lead in breaking international sea-law, and that German breaches of it are only a reply to an illegal British attempt to starve the German civil population; (2) that the export of munitions by neutrals is unfair, and the rule allowing it is an anomaly consecrated by British sea-power for its own advantage. Neither contention is easy to argue, as one would have to argue it before a serious tribunal. But newspaper readers, and even newspaper writers, are not in general such a tribunal. Simple reiteration has more influence on them than subtle argument. By simple reiteration Germany has obtained a large amount of acceptance for both the views that she urges, even among Americans whose sympathies now run strongly against her. And this is a fact which may have to be increasingly reckoned with in the event of the United States' continued neutrality.

Let us look briefly at the two points. Almost from the first week of war the German newspapers told their own public that the British were pursuing a "starving-out plan," and were stopping foodstuffs consigned to Germany for the civil population. The legend was soon transported to the United States. In point of fact it was base-

less. We had no "starving-out plan." It was not till the present year, after the German Government had seized all the corn-stuffs in Germany, and thereby abolished the possibility of distinguishing between a civil and a military destination, that we for the first time stopped a wheat-ship, the *Wilhelmina*. Long before this the Germans had sunk food-ships bound to England. The first case was in September of last year, and the ship was one bound for Dublin and Belfast—ports that could only be called "military" in the sense that every port in Germany could. After the policy initiated over the *Wilhelmina* (and this, be it remembered, only affected the cereals, which the German Government had nationalized, not other importable foods, e.g. meat, sugar or potatoes) we did nothing further till our Order in Council in March. Now, whatever be thought of the Order, one thing is certain on the dates; it came after, not before, the submarine campaign, and was the answer to it, not the provocation for it. When that campaign began, our record regarding foodstuffs was clear in international law. The notion entertained by responsible newspapers in the United States, that in law-breaking, if not in inhumanity, we indulged as gratuitously as our enemy, entirely misrepresents the situation.

So with the munitions question. President Wilson and Mr. Bryan, taking their stand on accepted international law, have officially opposed the German argument. But a great many Americans are accepting the suggestion that, although munition exports are legal, they are anomalous, and that the law was shaped by Great Britain for her own advantage. Was it? The exact opposite is the case. The export of arms and munitions by neutrals (which has never before been seriously objected to, and of which in modern times far more advantage has

been taken by Krupps than by any other firm) is much oftener overland than oversea. It is the land Powers who have made the usage; and they could always continue it across their contiguous land frontiers, even if the law were altered to forbid it. In the only case where the export would necessarily be by water—viz., the export of ships—it is forbidden by international law already. The German grievance under this head disappears the instant one tries to reduce it to a serious theory.

Filmsy as they are, these German cobwebs have a serious hold on the United States, which is a perpetual astonishment to the English reader of American journals, but must be a very real difficulty to Mr. Wilson's Administration. Compelled, as any Administration would be, to shape their course mainly by facts, not fictions, he

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and his colleagues cannot easily satisfy the feeling to which such suggestions give rise. It is therefore none too difficult for German-Americans to impute partisanship to the President, and for the German Government to appeal behind him in this sense to the masses of voters. If actual war broke out, the appeals would at once fail, and practically all Americans would stand together. But the maintenance of a perpetually challenged neutrality, in face of an ever-nearing Presidential election, and subject to the conditions of newspaper rule in questions of foreign policy, creates a very critical internal problem for the United States. To a considerable extent it is a democratic rather than an American difficulty—one which all great democracies under similar conditions may have to face in respect of foreign policy.

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN THE PACIFIC.

The strain of a world-war is testing every link in the chain of human activity. Amongst European nationalities the Spanish alone would appear to be placed geographically beyond the pale of its contagion, yet even in Spain the fierce tonic of fighting on the side of sane ideals begins to appeal to the best instinct, the ripest intellect of the nation. The world is in a blaze from end to end. The whole of the northern continent of America will probably be shortly involved, and the amorphous vastness of the Mongol race is now stretching its limbs, awakening to the stir of conflict. Thus it is that—

The tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

It is better a thousand times that the issue be faced now than that the

dire insanity of kultur should be permitted sullenly to gather its forces until these attain an overwhelming degree of virulence. Better than this, the ultimate dominance of the brute, would it be that human existence, with all its marshalled forces, all its potentialities, should be swept away and cease to be, for the triumph of German kultur involves a defilement of bestiality, a dethronement of every attribute by which men have in the past risen above the level of the panther.

How will the coming redistribution of power affect the balance of the Pacific? Many travellers from the Far East predict that the Japanese are developing an incipient Teutonism, that the degraded maxims of that accursed system are in Japan beginning to breed a fresh chimera of the familiar type. They tell us that the Chinese, in spite

of the quaint topsy-turvydom of some of their ideas, are more amenable to the straightforward methods of the Britisher than are their yellow rivals. They say that Japan is but waiting her chance to spring at the throat of China, to drag her down as a cheetah, stalking some shy creature of the woods, brings him to the ground, huge as his comparative bulk may be. In spite of much that is profoundly disquieting, there is a good deal which inspires hope for the future. Japan is the ally of Great Britain, China our traditional friend. The whirligig of time has convinced the Chinese that we have no desire to see their territory in the melting-pot. Our relations with their Government are elementarily clear. We claim and desire equality for commercial enterprise, the opportunity to sow without hindrance the seeds to which we attribute national regeneration. In a word, we stand for the open trade door and Western ideals. The United States Government and France follow in these particulars in our track. Germany stands for the savagery of the mailed fist, a savagery naked and unashamed; Japan looks across the narrow seas and dreams of conquest or peaceful penetration. Will she seek a pretext for stirring a new struggle and perhaps winning her way by Eastern Crecys and Agincourts? Future history must say. Probably the restraining counsel of Great Britain and more potently still the new ideals of the West, which are permeating the East with astounding rapidity, will check this dangerous movement and in the issue prevent the ghastly spectacle of the Mongol races at deadly grapple one with the other. The leaven of Christian ideal is undoubtedly spreading like a forest fire throughout the East. That in many respects it will assume novel aspects is pretty certain. Those who confound in its teaching the fleeting and accl-

idental with the vital and elemental do harm to the cause they profess to serve. If a truly great prophet of idealism were to arise to-day in Japan, preaching scorn of materialism, probably he would sway the entire people into a new orbit. That the hour should bring the seer seems the best hope of the Eastern world, which has ever been dominated by abstract conceptions and occult philosophies.

One thing is certain. The German flag is hauled down for good in China. The lavish expenditure in Shantung is one insignificant entry in the accounts of that well-nigh bottomless pit of *débâcle* which she has to face.

A map of the islands of the Pacific resembles nothing so much as a scrap of the chart of the heavens. Islands, atolls, and ringed lagoons are scattered broadcast over the mysterious immensity of that region. To how many a man, weary with the puzzle of life as we see it under gray skies, has come the call of an untrammelled existence, lapped in by unfathomed blue around and overhead?

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

So sang the neurotic hero of Locksley Hall. Thus too doubtless came the vision to Robert Louis Stevenson when, under the compelling force of ill-health, he retired like a hermit to make a home in Samoa. The International Commissioners appointed by Great Britain, Germany, and the United States under the Convention of 1900 allotted this group of islands to Germany. The United States, by the same Convention, secured the Island of Tutuila, with its great natural harbor as a prospective naval base. Great Britain acquired no fresh territory, but merely the right to hold undisturbed what already belonged to her. It is

strange how in the past exigency has forced our administrators unwillingly to take over scattered possessions in remote corners of the world. The course of events has been normally somewhat as follows: First have come our explorers, often snubbed for acting in direct defiance of the home authorities. These men have brought back nine-day stories of wonderlands beyond seas, and their reports have thereafter been allowed to grow dusty in the archives of societies and books of travel. Then it has often happened that the inhabitants of the distant lands have themselves begged the British Government to bring them under the security of the Union Jack. Time after time such aspirations have been rebuffed. We were represented fifty or sixty years ago by a breed of administrators who held that the British nation had already swallowed more tracts of empire than it could digest. Meantime, trade and the open door have attracted the representatives of other nationalities. Complications have

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begun to threaten, perhaps the natives have been treated with barbarity or some established route of commerce has become endangered. Then tardily and with bad grace, under the pressure of international exigencies and thus exciting the maximum of friction, our home authorities have seen fit to annex that which before they could have obtained not only without opposition, but by the mutual desire of all concerned. That has been the sequence of events over and over again, and notably so in respect of islands of the Pacific. The story of the advent and penetration of British control in the Pacific reads like a fairy-tale. An admirable paper by Sir Everard im Thurn, recently read before the Royal Geographical Society, and entitled "European Influence in the Pacific, 1513-1914," furnishes a masterly review of the subject. He sums up the international situation in these words: "I need hardly say that I assume that the expulsion of Germany as a ruling Power from the Pacific is final."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

With the simultaneous publication of three books,—"Human Motives" by Professor James Jackson Putnam, "The Meaning of Dreams" by Isador H. Coriat, M.D., and "Sleep and Sleeplessness" by H. Addington Bruce, A.M., Little, Brown & Co., open the "Mind and Health Series," a group of books intended to present the latest results of research and clinical experience. Mr. Bruce, author of the third book in the list, is the general editor of the series. It is not easy to say which of the three makes the widest appeal to lay and professional readers. All are by specialists, and each, within moderate compass, gives

the fruits of recent study and observation in the special field of investigation. Dr. Putnam, whose specialty has been the study of diseases of the nervous system, applies the psycho-analytic method of mental diagnosis to the study of human motives and the relation of two apparently antagonistic sets of tendencies, related to rational aspirations on one hand and emotional repressions on the other. In particular, he emphasizes a religious standard of motives, with its high ideals, as the one to be relied upon for furnishing the main goal of progress. Dr. Coriat discusses the psychology and psychopathology of dreams, with special ref-

erence to their value in the treatment of nervous disorders, and analyzes many concrete and curious instances to show the origin and significance of dreams. Mr. Bruce puts and answers such questions as "What makes us sleep?" and "How many hours of sleep do we really need?" and through a study of various theories of sleep and of recent practical experiments leads to a consideration of the causes and cure of insomnia which should be encouraging and helpful to the increasing number of sufferers from it.

"Mountain Blood," by Joseph Hergesheimer, is a remarkable book, too great to be a best seller, too true to be popular. "Mountain Blood" possesses that universality which is the most essential quality of literary genius. Its people are not primarily Virginians, nor even Americans, they are human beings with the faults and virtues, passions and emotions common to humanity. A little isolated community, a community whose inhabitants have never gone fifty miles from home, runs the whole gamut of human experience; birth, death, love and life. The setting is as picturesquely portrayed as the Wessex of Thomas Hardy, the tragedy is as relentless as a Greek Drama, the psychology subtle without formality. In striking contrast to the rawness which seems inseparable from the literature of a new country, "Mountain Blood" evinces a world-old knowledge that amounts to a positive identity with the people and country of which it tells. Joseph Hergesheimer may not yet possess literary style, but he has all the other qualifications of a great novelist. Mitchell Kennerley.

Alice has been a favorite name with English poets and novelists since Queen Victoria gave it to her baby daughter, but the difference between

"Alice, Alice, baby Alice" and the Cockney heroine of Mr. St. John G. Ervine's "Alice and a Family" could hardly be greater if they were born under alien skies, and spoke in the tongue of different races. Neither Alice nor the family which she befriends, guides, and unmercifully bullies, can be said to use English as a medium of conversation. "Awright," with the accent on the first two letters, is their single unprofane expression of approval, and "you know" with the accent on the first word, enables them to dispense with most of the chief parts of speech. As for the particles, they consistently misapply them, and are misunderstood only by fastidious persons enamored of exactitude. One perfect participle takes the place of all adverbs with the adult male and sometimes with the adult female, but the conservative creatures mean no harm, and, when angry, accept any monosyllable with Scriptural associations to save trouble. So Alice, nurse, cook, and housekeeper, leads the family, the industrious but dull father, his fairly clever son and his stupid girls in the way that they should go, and allies them with her own clan, provides both their houses with a lucrative calling, and is thinking of future independence with the chosen of her soul before she can easily reach a letter box. It must not be supposed that she is amorous. She is merely philanthropic, and perceives that the unguided Briton "wastes his time jawrin'." Alice does not "jawr." She acts or refrains from action as judiciously as a diplomatist, and from beginning to end of her career she is funny, yet pathetic withal. The author shows rare skill in moulding his very original conception of a child of the people, and the good-natured practitioner of Marxism whom he adds is equally original of speech and action. The Macmillan Company.